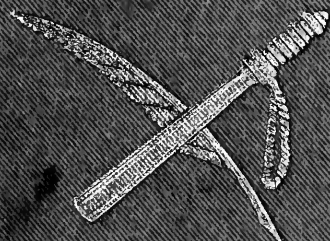


ECHOES FROM THE BEAT

POEMS BY DELL HAIR
THE POLICEMAN POET





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Your Truly
Dell Hair

Echoes from the Beat

A Collection of Poems

by

DELL HAIR

the Policeman Poet

THIRD VOLUME

Illustrated

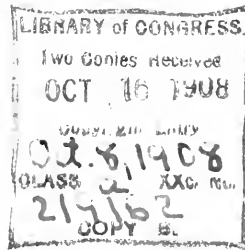


TOLEDO, OHIO

The Sewell B. Newton Company

1908

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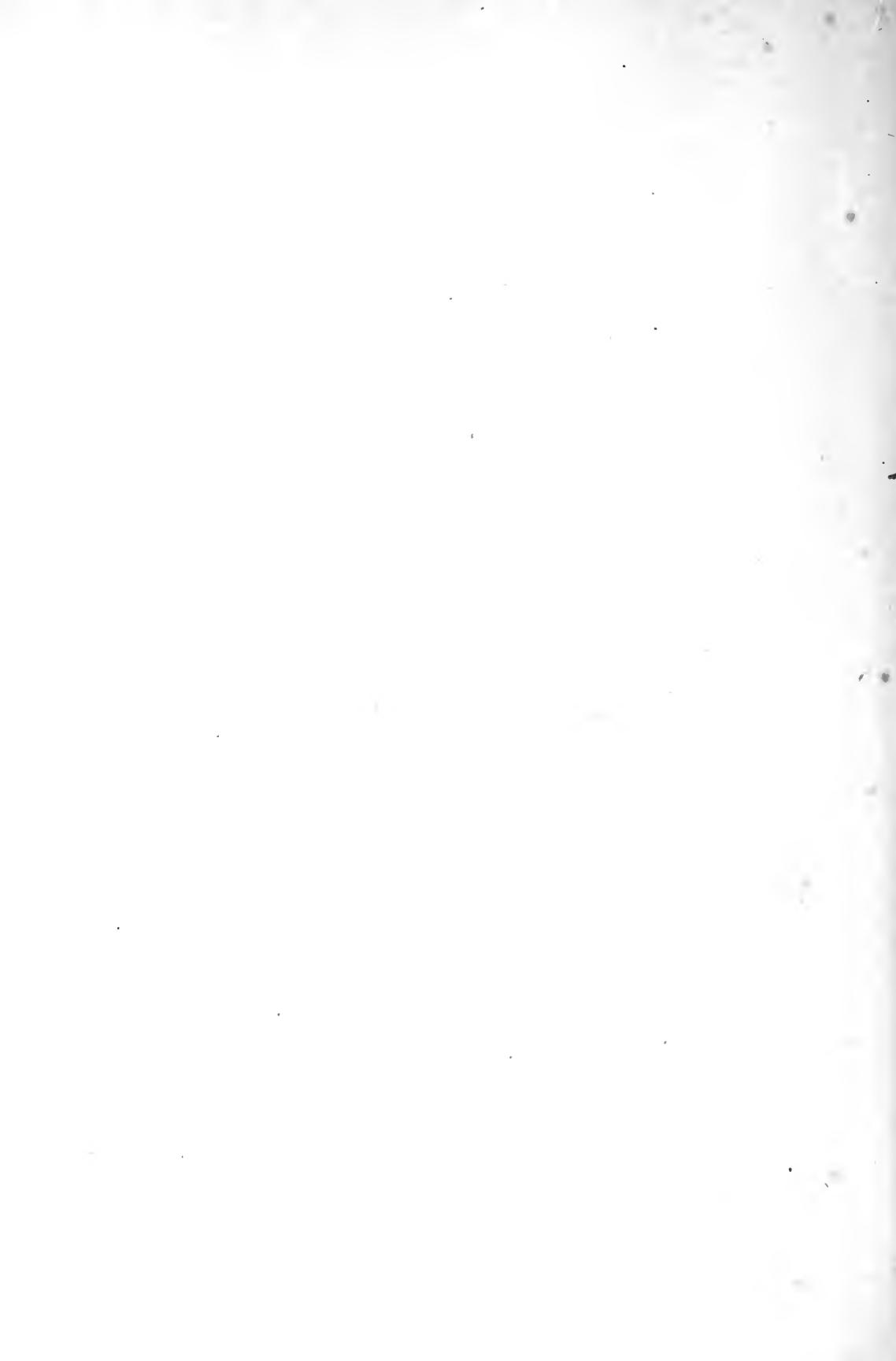


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310 June 13, 1885.
In honor of
the great love I bear for the
Police and Firemen who, without hesitancy,
risk their lives for the welfare of
others, I dedicate the
third volume of
my poems

The Author



PREFACE.

The book of verses, entitled "Echoes from the Beat," has an interest of its own which will win for it a sympathy denied to many more pretentious volumes. Neither the verses which make up the collection nor the numerous drawings that illustrate them are the artificial studies of the schools, but the spontaneous outpouring of children of nature.

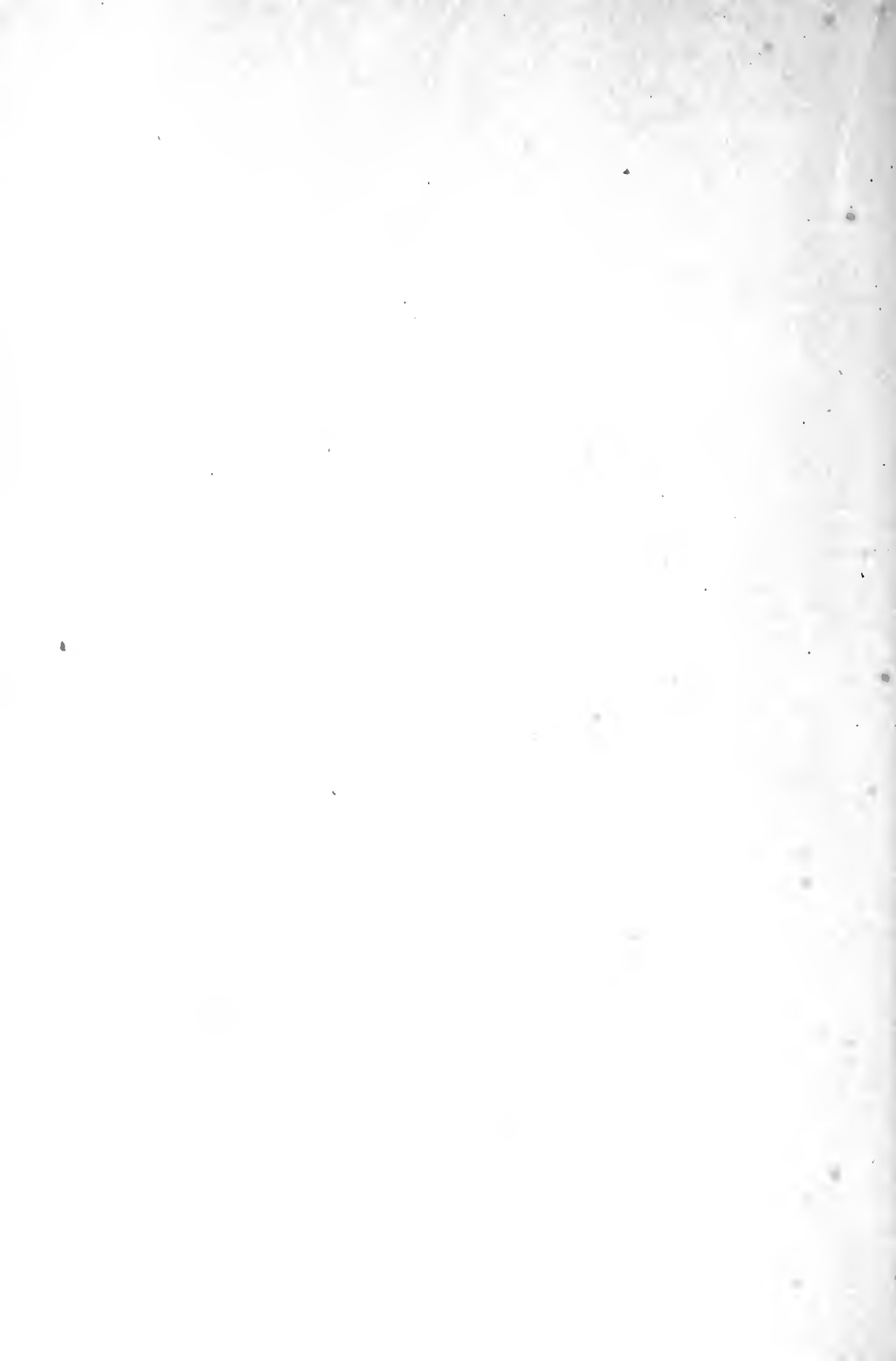
Mr. Dell Hair, the poet, is a member of the police force of the city of Toledo, O. The environment of his life is not Parnassus, but the city sidewalk and slums with the humdrum troubles of the poor and the lonely. Yet his thoughts have reached out to the ideal. The blue-coat and brass buttons, and the petty commonplace have not fettered the soul. The inner man is always free if he so wills and is capable of freedom.

Beside the "mute inglorious Milton" there is his brother superior singing softly to himself as he patrols the city street and alley.

The dreams that crowd the imagination and quicken the pulse of those whose thoughts are masked and not assumed by the teachers and whose voice leavens only the fellow common man and the home fireside, have surely a unique interest.

The sincere revelation of such a heart is a human document for ages to come.

REV. FATHER J. P. WACHOWSKI.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Dell Hair, the Poet "Cop," was born of Scotch parents, near Lansing, Mich., November 4th, 1871. Since his birth Hair has led more or less of what may be vulgarly termed the wild and woolly life. His father, Joseph Hair, was a blacksmith at a country cross-road, his mother the daughter of a lawyer at Howell, Mich. Unlike a brother, who was a student and is now a minister of the gospel, Dell Hair had no acquiring for even the primary elements of education. Study as he would, he never got away from the foot of his class. Once free from the thralldom of the school room, little Dell spent most of his time feeding, harnessing and driving a huge turtle which he had captured and trained. So weird was his boyhood that the young rhymester was sometimes dubbed "Joe Hair's fool." His intense love for nature early manifested itself in little rhymes—a talent which not unfrequently turned to satyr or bitterness against those who had derided his oddities to his face. Often one who had offended young Hair found on his door step or another convenient place a couplet of verse in answer to the jibes. At the age of twelve the father of Dell Hair gave up all hope of educating his son, and put him to work in a brick yard, where the lad earned a dollar a day. Later he left home and was for a time a chore boy in the pineries. When he returned he was put behind the plow, a work which he despised, and towards which he often vented his emotion by stopping in the midst of the furrow and jotting down in rhyme his hatred for the life. Finally Hair, on one clear September day, hitched the team securely to the fence, and set out for his home, telling his mother to bring his drum, as he wished to hive some bees that had alighted near by. The lad, with drum, at once started for Detroit, Mich., and there enlisted in the army. He told the Captain he would like to go where the most danger was. He was sent to Old Fort Sill, Oklahoma, as drummer boy for Company "G" of the Thirteenth Regiment of Infantry.

Although a favorite with the enlisted men, Hair's great talent for versifying often got him in trouble with his superior officers. He was well acquainted with the interior of the Guard House, in which many of the poems of his first volume were written. It was Hair's drum that beat "Boots and Saddles" for the Third Cavalry on the border of Mexico when that troop set out and captured the notorious Mexican bandit Beina Vidies. Geronimo, the renegade chief, has heard that same drum while he was confined in the Guard House at Fort Sill.

A giant in stature, and one of the burliest officers on the Toledo police force, Hair would not be easily taken for a poet. Criminals of the worst type have felt his iron grasp, but the unfortunate women and children who have come under his notice can testify to the great, soft heart within his rugged breast. To become acquainted with Dell Hair, the Poet Cop, is to become acquainted with the world's greatest poet.

THE PUBLISHER.

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Poems



TOO GOOD TO KEEP.

Mr. Printer, I present thee
With some verse composed by me—
Now, in printing, spell correctly,
For I leave it all with thee.

Where big letters may be needed,
Kindly place where they belong;
I have left them here and yonder,
Some are right, and more are wrong.

Periods you will find all over,
Question marks at every sight;
Semicolons—cannot make them—
Kindly twist till all is right.

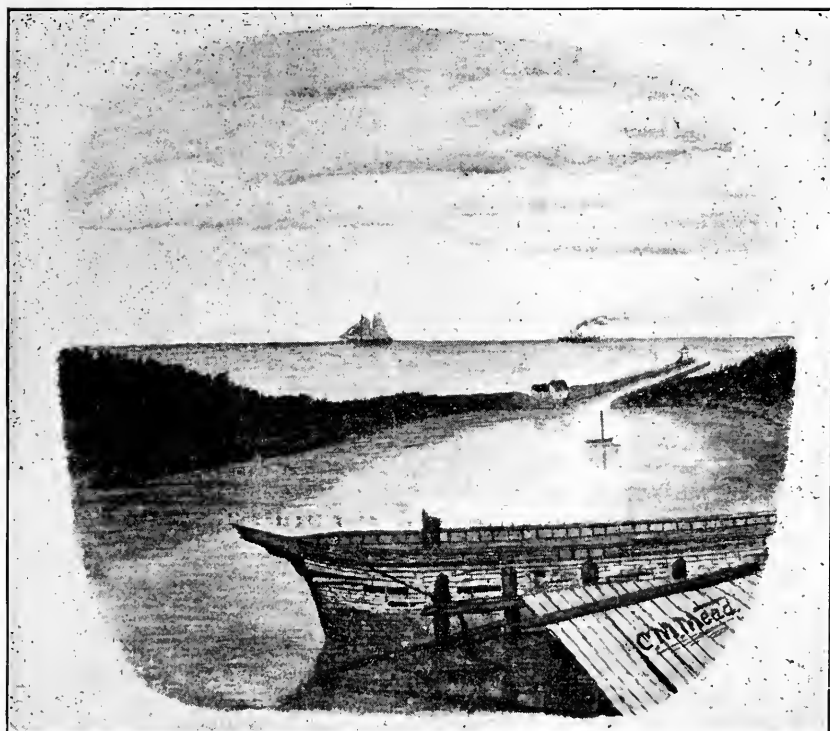
I never went to school in summer;
Name was stricken from the roll;
With my dinner and my primer
Was present at the swimming hole.

I never went to school in winter;
Garments thin winds would me scan;
Boys were always me snow balling,
Besides, the teacher was a man.

Yet, verse with me comes forth incessant,
Like the spring from mountain top;
While it's effort for some people,
It's a task for me to stop.

Publish not this letter, printer,
All would say that I'm a fool;
That I am, but keep it quiet,
For I never went to school.

Always played the silly truant,
And my school days now are fled;
Keep this secret, Mr. Printer,
Burn this sheet and go ahead.



“Could thy patch me up, I’d sail again”

THE TALE OF A BROKEN SHIP.

Well, here I am at rest at last—
My spar is gone, likewise my mast;
My keel is bent, my sails are lost
(In surging billows, tempest tossed).
I sailed the seas long years ago,
(Progress then was somewhat slow).
I’ve seen men ill and women die,
And the fount of water almost dry.
I’ve seen starvation step on board—
This pleased the shark, likewise the sword.

How oft I've thought I'll go to wreck,
When breakers sought my crew on deck.
Though ice would form from sheets of rain,
I'd list to prayers, then leap again;
For I knew that Mothers on every shore
Ask God I bear their kindred o'er.
Though breakers roared and torrents fell
I'd ride them down in the jaws of hell;
They swept me from the road I knew
And rocks would try to pierce me through.
Breakers tossed me to and fro,
Still on, and ever on, I go;
Many a path have I traversed,
Where God reigned not, and Satan cursed.
Men speak of the glories of the sea—
How few that know her treachery—
Go search the seas and then you'll find
Few true as I to all mankind.
I've leaped o'er rocks, I've run aground',
But yet have my first man to drown—
When I see the boats glide o'er the main,
Could they patch me up, I'd sail again.
I'd seek the crew that sailed with me,
We knew each other, and could agree;
But I'm talking foolish, to say the best,
For they, like I, are laid to rest.
Some sleep in brine, and some on land,
There'd not be one to take command;
I've lived the perils of life to tell
So, cruel sea and ye dead, farewell!

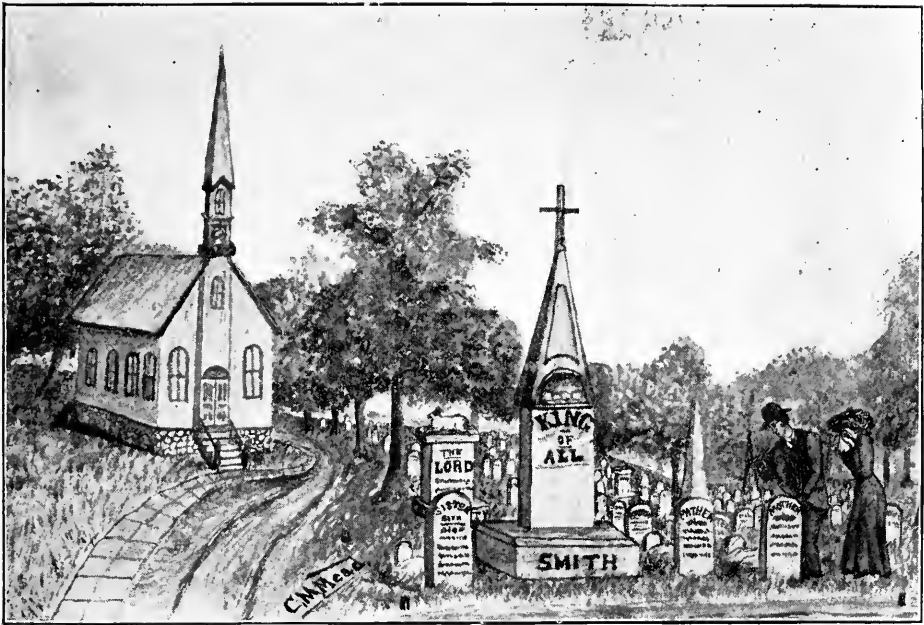


"I've seen men love, I've seen them part"

THE FOREST KING'S PITIFUL TALE.

Long have I graced this remote field,
I've seen ripe grain to sickles yield;
I've seen men love, I've seen them part,
And women die of broken heart.

For I was numbered with forest kings,
My heart was guarded with many rings;
Strangers paused while passing by,
Little thought they, much less thought I,
That one I guarded from heaven's alarms
Would wound my trunk, and wilt my arms.
I've shielded him when he in joy
Did sport around me when a boy.
Hand o'er hand he scaled my trunk
In hopes to find a piece of punk;
From bough to bough he leaped with glee—
But, when a man, he murdered me!
I fear not death,—'tis sweet to die,—
Did not my branches softly cry:
“'Twas better that a stranger came
My body thus to wound and maim!
His stroke I would gladly endure,
Without complaint, without demure”—
Beyond the poet mutters low,
“'Tis the fate of all that live,—to go.”
I see no tear from his big heart,
For he once loved, death did them part—
But what care I, I'm almost gone,
My leaves are helpless, mute my song.
My branches droop and tremble so,
I pay the debt the world doth owe;
But one word more, before I'm gone,
Oh! listen, world, it won't be long:
Discard your love, and all is fled!
So, farewell! world, for I am dead.



"It is strange, we weep in silence"

LIFE'S REVERIE.

Oh! the loved ones that have left us,
Young and old, the gay and fair,
Like the dew-drops of the morning
So quickly vanish into air.

We learn to love, we learn to cherish,
Then death o'ertakes us as a wave;
The many lips that spoke so kindly
Now are silent in the grave.

The sweet, sweet memory of our childhood,
Which for them doth make us yearn;
Then is it strange we weep in silence
As their bones to dust return?

Faces once full, round and smiling
Are furrowed, withered, pale and wan;
As seasons change the blush of roses,
So doth time the face of man.

Time doth heal man's care and sorrows,
Time leads all to realms above;
The hardest task for time to conquer
Is to kill a mortal's love.

Souls of loved ones long departed,
In fancy over there we see,
Life's summer o'er we see our children
Weep for the dead as now do we.

Man builds domes which near the heavens,
Man below the beasts can fall;
Man rules all things in creation,
But death is leveler of us all.

Many a soul is marked for heaven,
Which the path of sorrow trod;
They who glory in great riches
Cannot for the love of God.

Good and brave the heart that beateth,
Spite of trials and earthly scorns;
Many are the buds that open
Though concealed by piercing thorns

He whom poverty distresseth
Needs not quite discouraged be,
The stream whose current is unnoticed,
Steadily glides on to the sea.

The fool will scoff while brother suffers,
From weary lids come many tears;
The harp whose music is the sweetest
Is but a pain for many ears.

Long lives deceit in all life's pathways,
It doth reign throughout the lands,
And many erstwhile good and faithful
Have fallen prostrate at its hands.

Evil doers anon they linger,
Born to rule, though not on high,
The rose whose fragrance is the sweetest
Is first to bloom, and first to die.

The vulgar tongue that never tireth
Cares little for the harm that's done;
The smallest cloud that dots the heavens
Can mar the splendor of the sun.

Midst life's scoffers comes a stranger
Clothed in virtue as a bride,
As noxious verdure chokes the lily,
So they its beauty strive to hide.

The Christian leaves his work unfinished
In other hands, to take his flight;
So must the glorious sun of evening
Trust earth's beauty unto night.

The unborn shall yet work wonders,
We now sow that they may reap;
Precious is the pearl and amber
That lies hidden in the deep.

Of all creation, man is highest,
Too often selfishness his goal;
He may prosper, he must perish,
And trust His Maker with his soul.



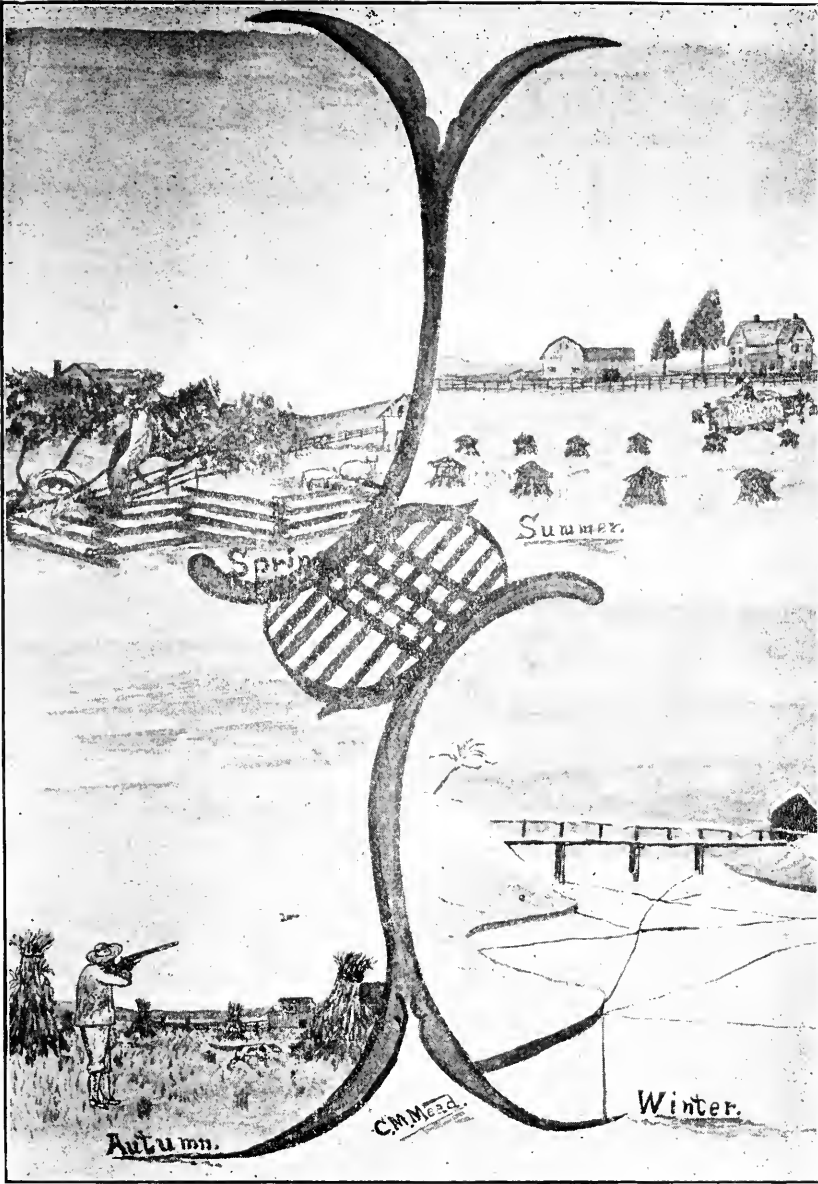
THE LILY AND THE STORK.

The Stork:

So bleak is the world, so lonely my home,
Wherever I wander my kindred are flown;
I soar o'er the tree-tops, I scan yonder crest
Which touches the heavens in yon crimson west.
I slept with the toad, I fished in the stream,
And they're not so friendly to me, it doth seem;
So, farewell, my loved haunts,—I now take my flight!
Farewell, toads and fishes and lilies—Good Night!

The Lily:

Why fleest thou hence? This spot is quite fair;
Go perch in yon tree that sways in the air,
And list to the warble of birds near thy nest,
While the sun slowly sinks to his coveted rest.
I and the roses, you see growing here,
The fishes and toads, will try thee to cheer,
We share the same night, we share the same day,—
There are others more lonely—I beg of thee, stay!



"The song of seasons"

THE SONG OF THE SEASONS.

Spring:

I melt the cold snow, I send forth the flower,
I loosen the streams with many a shower;
Cold Winter is gone, and now I'm in power,
The birds sweetly sing in every bower.

The lambs skip and play; each bud on its stem
Is rapidly swelling to blossom again;
The quadruped hides no more in his den,
And a velvet, like carpet, covers the glen.

The fishes rejoice, the eaglets cry,
The pelican builds his nest upon high;
Nature is beauty, and none wish to die,—
Now I will listen to summer's reply.

Summer:

By my warm showers, and sun's brightest ray,
I send forth the lily from the darkest of clay;
The golden grain with the breezes shall sway,
And the bare-footed urchins so merrily play.

At the rising of sun the dairy maids toil,
The farmer is earnestly tilling the soil;
The serpent in peace rests in his coil,
The air is fragrant with sweet pennyroyal.

In the pleasant forest the wild flowers bloom.
The honey bees labor their sweets to consume;
All seems cheerful, for banished is gloom,
The bachelor is happy as a bride and groom.

Autumn:

I ripen the fruit, both yellow and red,
I send forth the leaves to blanket the dead;
I spray them with dew, to deaden the tread
Of the hunter, who wanders with rifle and lead.

I fill every cellar, no famine returns;
In the lowliest cottage, a bright fire burns,
Preparing for winter, with many concerns—
While the bird on wing, for a season adjourns.

My winds bring the harvest, no moments to spare;
Now and then a flake is seen on the air;
When harvest is o'er, I'll banish all care,
And each in his dwelling may enjoy a share.

Winter:

Ah! I have returned! I'll conquer at last!
I'll send forth the snow, with a cold stinging blast;
The gurgling streams I'll bind and hold fast,—
Spring and summer are gone with the past.

Remain in your cots while I sweep o'er the land,
And out in the air don't venture to stand;
I soar like the condor, outstretch my cold hand—
The summer is gone, and I'm in command!

I'm dreaded by all—yea, loved by none—
The young and the old, me—winter, they shun;
I care not for friends, for alone I begun,
I'll blockade their paths, for soon I'll be done.

AFTER THE STORM.

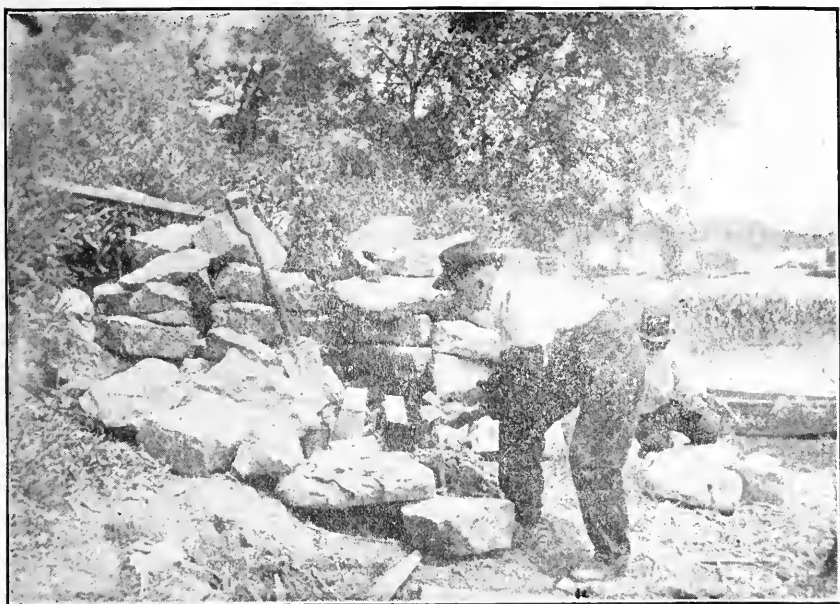
The storm has subsided, the breakers are fled,
The Moon in its splendor shines bright overhead;
Soon the stars will appear, their story to tell,
They were lost in mist, when the black curtain fell.



"Soon the stars will appear, their story to tell"

The light in yon beacon again throws its ray,
It was banished from sight by foam and the spray;
One boat puts to sea, but the ship with the sail
Was driven to shore by the strength of the gale.

The rocks have ceased dripping, the bell swings no more,
That sounded of warning as ships neared the shore;
Now all is serene as the breakers are done,
There is promise at morn of a glorious sun.



"O Gold, for thee do I live"

THE HOARDER OF GOLD.

A miser, in hiding, gloating over his gold,
Replaced it again in its crevice of mold;
Said he—"you're my God, the consoler of mind;
I will now away more treasures to find."—
In the meantime a robber, secreted quite near,
Heard him proclaim, "I've twelve thousand here."
He off to his den, the tale to unfold
Of the miser he'd seen, and the crevice of gold.

His tempted companions, at close of the day,
Girded their steeds and sped fast away.
The crevice of gold but one had yet learned,
While meantime the miser with more had returned;

The crevice was opened, by a light pale and dim,
So little he thought, of the eyes upon him.
Said he—"O, gold, for thee do I live!
Tho' hunger oft reigns, none will I give.

"Offsprings I've none, ne'er courted a bride,
Friends are unknown, you alone are my pride;
I'll kiss thee good night, sure none will molest,
I again will conceal thee, then off to my nest."
No sooner laid he his head on the hay,
With his treasure the robbers were speeding away.
Said he on the morn, for wealth I will start,
Before going I'll view the pride of my heart.

He arose from his cot the cleft to explore,
But found it not as he left it before;
He discovered his treasures as on wings had fled,
He shrieked in despair, fell lifeless and dead.
Such was the fate of this hoarder of gold,
Left not a friend and eternal life sold;
His plannings, his sufferings, at last him had killed,
He died unprepared, and a pauper's grave filled.

WHY I PRAY.

I was born on a hill
Near a translucent rill,
One bleak, cold November day;
The snow flakes fell fast,
And fierce was the blast—
That I live, 'tis a wonder to me.

For the walls they were cold,
And covered with mold,
Through the cracks one plainly could see;
Midst the elements roar,
Ice formed on the floor—
That I live, 'tis a wonder to me.

When I think of me there,
And my dear mother's pray'r,
Asking God in his mercy to see
A babe in the fold,
Though the hearth long was cold—
That I live, 'tis no wonder to me.

And now that she's gone,
To her rest sweet and long,
Where continual sunshine is free,—
The last words she said,
"Meet me there, I'm not dead,
I'll only be waiting for thee."



"Get thee behind me, Winter, for I once more am king"

MAY.

Get thou behind me, winter,
Thy days of reign are o'er;
I'll bid the streams once more go free,
Plant rushes on the shore.

My forests were in beauty,
You appeared upon the scene,
And there unfurled your snow and ice
Where I first spread the green.

With frost you killed my flowers,
You robbed the earth of cheer;
You sent the birds to sunny climes,
But now they re-appear.

Oft you've caused men to suffer,
Then heeded not their plea;
You've sent the winds across the earth,
Wrought havoc on the sea.

Where'er you reign, there dearth and gloom
Doth still the woodland's ring;
Get thou behind me, winter,
For I once more am king!



"The many birds they cheer me"

JUNE.

The earth is breathing near me,
And many birds they cheer me;
Nothing seems to fear me,

 All come near.

The rose bushes are blushing,
Sweet odors from them gushing;
The little brook is rushing
 Towards the meer.

Dame nature is reposing,
The tree toad he is dozing;
July threatens a foreclosing,
 That is all.

Clouds on high are dancing,
Retreating and advancing;
The sun is gaily glancing
 Through trees tall.

The mimic thrush is singing,
The hang bird he is swinging;
A dinner bell is ringing,
 It is noon.

Men rest in shady bowers
And scent the perfumed flowers,
Expecting sudden showers—
 This is June.



"Here birds in their purity, sing for your child"

THE WOODLAND'S APPEAL.

Why dwell in the city? when I welcome thee
To nature's warm bosom, where water runs free;
Where every sprig bows to welcome the breeze,
And the wild bird doth warble his note from the trees.

Why dwell in the city? where men struggle for style,
Here the thorn and the rose gives smile for a smile;
Here nature clothes all, no robbers to fear,
And all sing together—no jealousy here.

Why dwell in the city? when here overjoyed
Whistles the quail; where axe unemployed
Hews nothing down, disturbs not her nest,
And the squirrel seems to smile, so peaceful his rest.

Why dwell in the city? while here, 'neath your feet,
You trample on daisies and daffodils sweet;
The white lilies bow to all as they pass,
No sign ever reads—"Keep off from the grass."

Why dwell in the city? when here you can stroll,
And gather wild flowers, and sit on yon knoll;
Converse with the lady, so long you have sought,
Here tales are ne'er carried, borrowed or bought.

Why dwell in the city? when here the bat flies,
The whippoorwill sends his notes to the skies;
The happy birds nest and music is sung,
The screech-owl in darkness is feeding her young.

Why dwell in the city? when here, undefiled,
Birds in their purity, sing for your child;
By their wings and their songs the atmosphere stirred,
Here many sweet notes are warbled unheard.

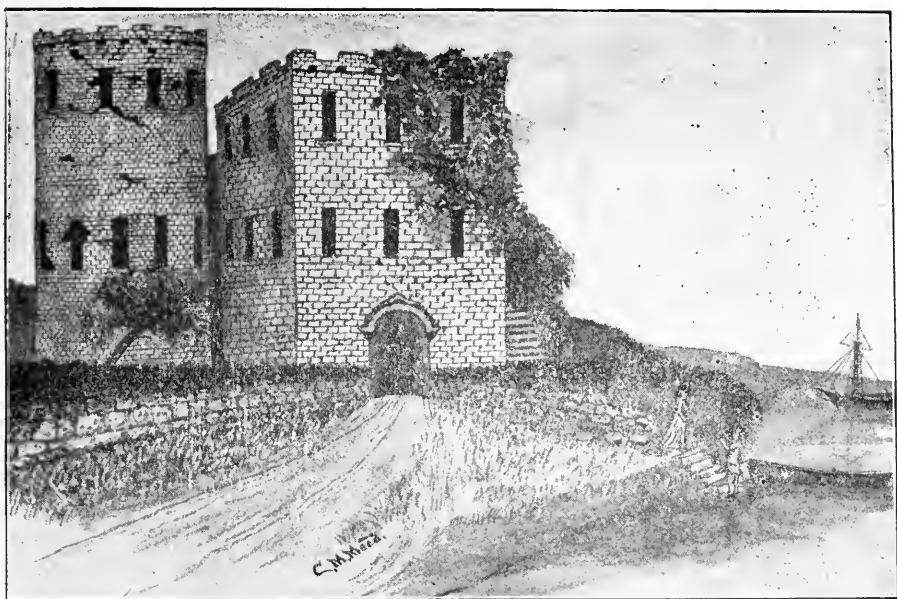
Why dwell in the city? when here the wild bees
Give to the wanderer sweets from the trees;
For many in bondage, who once lived with thee,
Have followed their queen to a dwelling with me.

Why dwell in the city? where many have sinned,
Here fragrance and purity ride on each wind;
Here lust is unknown, for God is yet king.
Come, ye proud dwellers, where all kindred sing.

THE DESTROYED WORLD.

We hasten, like a mighty sea,
Before the world to make our plea;
Oh! why were we all doomed to die
Ere we drew breath or gave a sigh?
Our maker intended we should live,
And to our forms he life did give.
It was man's sin that sealed our doom,
And caused our death within the womb.
Heartless parents, on you we call:
Was there not plenty here for all?
The lips are stilled that would have sung,
Our voice in woodlands would have rung.
We would have cheered you in old age,
And rendered you all due homage;
We'd light the path that's darkness now,
And smooth the locks on mother's brow.
You we would praise, who gave us life,
With music banish clouds of strife;
We'd build great cities on the plains,
We'd anchor ships upon the mains.
Statesmen, too, we would send there,
And wise men to the president's chair;
We'd fight in wars the same as ye,
And pray to God on bended knee.
We'd share your losses and your gains,
We'd share your joys and your pains;
We'd share your sickness and your health,
We'd share your poverty and wealth.
By our example we'd entice
And win men back from shame and vice;
We would have loved, been groom and bride

If in the womb we had not died.
There is a blot that will remain
Upon your souls, a jet black stain,
Which you can never wash away,
Nor yet conceal, do what you may,
For Justice once must be unfurled!
Thus speak we, the destroyed world.



"Abandon thy castle, bid adieu to old Ireland"

THE LOVER'S RETURN.

My boat is at anchor, I came for thee, darling,
Long have I braved the blue billows' roar;
Abandon thy castle, bid adieu to old Ireland,
I'll take thee with me to Scotland's fair shore.

My bark, it is strong, and will leap o'er the billows,
Her sails fan the air, like the wings of a dove;
'Tis long since we met, and long since we parted,
Thy castle is old, bid adieu to it, love.

Cromwell bombarded the dome of thy castle
Left Ireland's soil a murderous scene;
Thou art today held a slave to old England,
Bid adieu then, forever, the Isle of the Green.

Reply.

I cannot go with thee, for mother is dying,
Cold are her hands, and clammy her brow;
And yet I assure thee, by everything sacred,
I'd love to go with you, but cannot go now.

My sister is there, consoling the dying,
And many a song today has been sung;
The fear of death has almost departed,
The gates of heaven to her will be swung.

Thou must return thee alone to old Scotland—
But I shall hope to see thee some day
Steering thy bark again to this dwelling,
Then o'er the wild waves, we'll sail far away!

Answer.

Farewell! then, my dear, for this may be forever—
I now will return to my own native sod;
If my boat should sink, remember I love you,
My corpse rests in ocean, my soul with its God.

Give my love to your friends in the castle,
And speak of the heavenly home far away;
Tell her of the crown they wear up in glory,
And the golden harps which the angels play.

Tell her of the light that shineth forever,
In the city of gold, where the angels fly;
No sickness or death ever enters that dwelling—
She will welcome the hour—my darling, good-bye!

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

When the world grows dark around me,
And my friends they all surround me,
And my ears are deaf to words that they may say;
When near death's door I'm sleeping
Then perhaps few will be weeping—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When I hear the distant chiming,
When my brain has ceased its rhyming,
And my heart it beats unsteady all the way;
When my vision shall deceive me,
And my other senses leave me—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When no earthly toil shall grieve me,
When from cares death shall relieve me,
And my memory shall completely pass away;
When my limbs cease to obey me
And no longer will convey me—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When at poverty I'm laughing,
And at cripples I am chaffing.
When I scoff at persons who are old and gray;
When I grow so cold and greedy
That I shall forget the needy—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When the good old hand that reared me,
And the voice that often cheered me,
Are banished from my memory for the day;

When friends I cease to number,
And behold the ones that slumber—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When I shall forget Pap's anvil,
His old shop and the candle,
The bellows which I worked by night and day;
The fire so brightly glowing,
That the bellows same were blowing—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When of her I'm no more thinking
Who upbraided me for drinking,
Who returned my ring and bade me stay away;
When I shall forget those hours
Spent with her in gathering flowers—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When I'm no longer weeping
For another who is sleeping
Near Rushville, Indiana, namely J——;
When I blot her visage clever,
From my memory forever—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When my tongue is still forever,
And my heart will not throb ever,
When I behold the home for which I pray;
When my sorrow here is ended,
And my soul to God ascended—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

TWO LITTLE GRAVES.

My chase was successful, the robber is caught,
Whom I have so long and wearily sought;
Whither he led me was weary and long,
But he to the cell in the wagon has gone.

Through woodlands and valleys, so strange was the way,
That two little graves confront me today;
They're somebody's darlings, 'tis plain to be seen,
There are roses in bloom, and grass fresh and green.

Somebody wept, yea, somebody cried,
Somebody weeps, now they sleep side by side;
Somebody prays to our Father divine,
Oh, what if one grave held that baby of mine!

Somebody knows, who doeth all well,—
Why they were taken, no mortal can tell;
But God in his wisdom takes spirits above,
He makes no distinction for those whom we love.



"They were somebody's darlings"

THE CALL THAT BROKE MY HEART.

I've listened long to the silent call,
With friends did bravely part;
I bid adieu to them each and all—
There's one that broke my heart.

When upon her light the curtains fell,
She smiled when at death's door;
Those weary lids, she to me did tell,
Now closed to ope no more.

Soon I gazed upon the smiling dead;
My Mother! can it be
Thy spirit to the beyond has fled,
That watched and mourned for me?

There were men to her of me spoke ill,
And neighbors to her came
With my faults—her very soul would thrill—
But she loved me just the same.

When the setting sun takes light from earth,
She's with me then it seems;
When from my beat I seek my berth,
I see her in my dreams.

That Mother, to me, was like the sun,
Her patience never fled;
Though men found fault, she'd say, "Well done!"
And now that she is dead,

Through space and mist and many tears,
That Mother I can see,
Praising Him, from heavenly spheres,
Through all eternity.

FATHER'S OLD SHOP.

I have treasures on this earth,
But there is one dear spot
That liveth in this heart of mine,
There stands my Father's shop;
*Jude's pine it swingeth to and fro,
The same as twenty years ago.

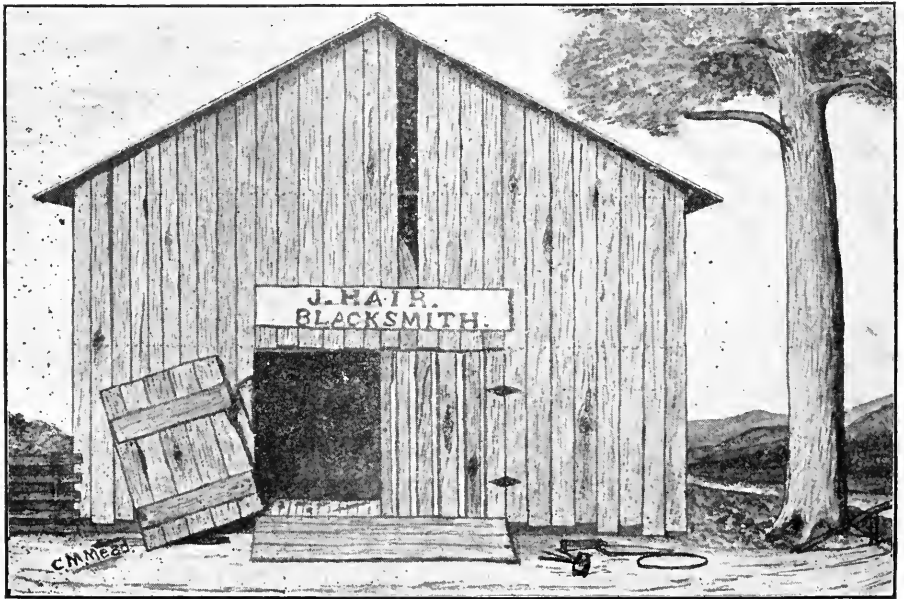
The river glides on to the sea;
My father made the chain
That reached its hand to hold my boat,
Then to the bridge again;
The moss there on the shore doth grow,
The same as twenty years ago.

The door swings on one rusty hinge,
The chimney doth in ruins lie,
The room that held the flaming forge
Hath many an opening to the sky;
The bellows, that the fires did blow,
Are gone since twenty years ago.

When I was here a blacksmith's child,
Had parents and a home,
My thoughts would soar to countries wild,
And there I said I'd roam;
Ere long I ventured far to go,
And left them twenty years ago.

Now I've returned, but where is he
Who knew a careworn breast?
O'er yonder in the bleak churchyard
They laid him down to rest;
Sleep on, in thy cold bed below,
I'll find thee when from earth I go.

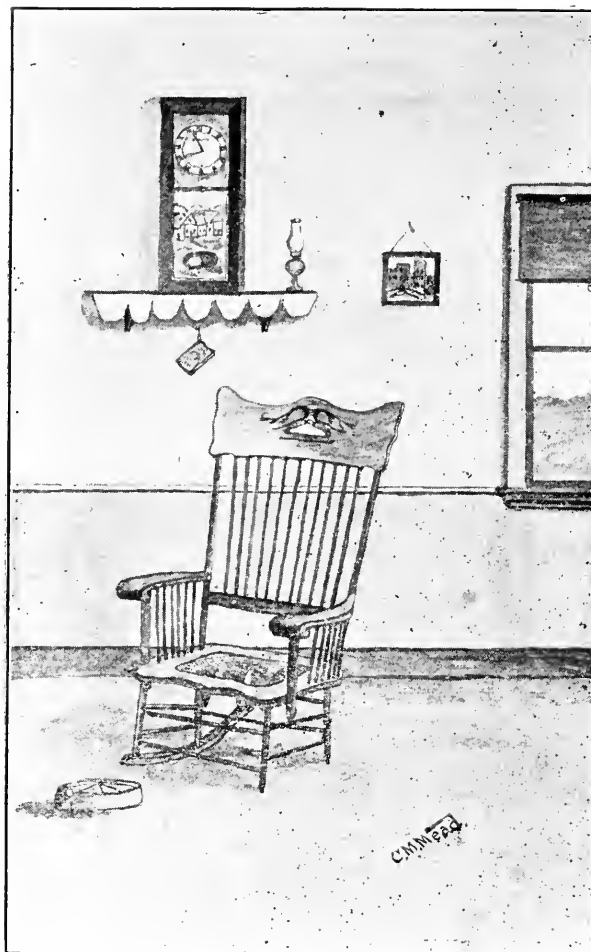
The Jude mentioned in this poem is one Judas Herrington, who lived neighbor to the Hair family and who was a friend to the poet when a child, when a youth and when a man. In his yard grew a mammoth pine tree, 'neath which young Dell whiled away many of his childhood hours.



"There stands my father's shop"

FATHER'S OLD CHAIR.

Harm not Father's chair, though far from complete;
One rocker is gone, and torn is the seat;
One leg is broken, that stands in the rear,
Yet he would be welcome today, were he here.
Many a song in that chair has been sung—
I'll mention a few I've heard when quite young—
He sang "Sally Russell," "Poor Jack and His Bride,"
"The Sayer's Heenan Tussle," and "Slide, Kelley, Slide."
"Among the Sweet Daisies," "A Trip Through the Rye,"
"The Irishman's Chaises," and "Sweet By and By."
"The Charming Young Widow," "The Isle of the Green,"
"The Cows in the Meadow," "The Birth of the Queen."
"Fair Lady Leroy," "Hew Straight to the Line,"
"Come Early My Boy" and "Old Brandy Wine."
"Sweet Kitty Clyde," "The Hat Father Wore,"
"The Pauper's Last Ride" and "Erin's Green Shore."
"Gone Away with a Coon," "Dear Jack Now be Sly,"
"Roll on Silver Moon," and "Sweet Nellie Bly."
"Three Leaves of Shamrock," "It's Naughty but Nice,"
"The Logs on the Jamrock," "I'm Minus the Price."
"The Gipsies Warning," "The Chest and the Tailor,"
"The Judgment Morning" and "The Dark-Eyed Sailor."
"Kentucky's Green Shore," "The Harp on the Tree,"
"There's Thousands in Store, but Just One for Me."
"My Darling Minnie," "The Maid on the Shore,"
"To Old Virginia, Where Sweet Billows Roar,"
"Brave Captain Ward," "Perry and Bird,"
"Give Praise to the Lord," "I'm a Man of My Word."
"Erin Go Braugh," and "Lannagan's Ball,"
"No Justice in Law," "A Little Too Small."



"Him 'twould welcome today were he here"

“Willie and Mary,” “Pat Has the Gout,”
“With You I’ll Not Tarry,” “My Ma Knows I’m Out.”
“The Oysterman Tall,” “The Man in the Moon,”
“The Trumpet’s Last Call,” “Gone with a Balloon.”
“The Bob Tailed Mare,” “Marie of the Moor,”
“The Bridal Pair,” “I’ve Been There Before.”
“Sweet Barbara Allen,” “Dad’s Dinner Pail,”
“Jericho’s Fallen” and “Dan Rice’s Bail.”
“The Methodist Parson,” “The Mule in the Stall,”
“The Adventures of Carson,” “The Hand on the Wall.”
He sang many others, I’ll not mention here,
Mine eyes are quite blinded with many a tear;
Make room in the parlor and let it stand there,
If you love me, dear brother, preserve the old chair.



"Why, maid, are you weeping?"

WHILE THE MOON IN ITS SPLENDOR LIGHTS
VALLEY AND STREAM.

The roses were budding, sweet daisies were nodding,
All nature was sweet as a prisoner's dream;
The lambs they were playing, the clover was swaying,
While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

The woodlands were ringing with the nightingale's singing,
The eagle on high would pour forth his scream;
In the midst of my ramble, I espied a fair damsel,
While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

"Why tarry here, lady, in woodland so shady?

The sun on the morn, will soon throw its gleam."

"My heart is near breaking, for my lover I'm waiting"—

While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

She stepped close beside me, her beauty defied me,

I fought with my arm, though strange it may seem.

"None other can suit me." Said I, "I dispute thee"—

While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

"My love was a writer, a soldier, a fighter;

He left with another, for beauty, I deem;

Since then I have wandered, sorrowed and pondered"—

While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

"Oh, why did he leave me! Oh, why did he grieve me!

On my face since we parted, no smile has been seen;

I will watch for him ever, till death will us sever"—

While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

"Why, maid, are you weeping? In death he is sleeping,

And o'er him grow flowers and tall grass so green;

To his rest they long bore him, another weeps o'er him"—

While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

"Tis the truth are you telling? These words me are killing!

Farewell! then to life, which is only a dream;

In the bed of yon river, I'll rest me forever"—

While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

BUILD IT WELL.

If you would build a house, build it well—

First see the sills are sound,
Walls firm upon the ground,
Roof, the best that can be found.

Build it well!

If you would build a road, build it well—

See that its bed is gravel,
For strangers there will travel,
Your secrets they'll unravel.

Build it well!

If you would build a ship, build it well—

See the masts are not too high,
All winds that pass you by,
To sink you, they will try.

Build it well!

If you would fight a battle, fight it well—

On the rock of Right first stand,
Have victory ready planned,
Then on your victim land.

Lick him well!

If you would preach the gospel, preach it well—

First see thy heart is right,
From God receive new sight,
Then cover not your light.

Preach it well!

THE OLD CLOCK'S LAMENT.

Of all the sufferers on this earth,
No matter, great or small,
I'll prove to you conclusively
My pangs outweigh them all.

Since my round face first saw the light,
Some ninety years have fled;
And ever since my heart throbs on—
Great wonder I'm not dead.

For all this great extent of time
I never changed my place;
Though many thousands on me gaze,
None washed my hands or face.

They placed a gong upon my heart,
And ticks around me creep;
At every hour I must call,
I ne'er find time to sleep.

They wind me with a horrid key
Until I screech from pain;
And though I beg to be relieved,
My pleadings all are vain.



"I bathe his grave with many tears"

AN INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT AT THE GRAVE OF
HER LOVER.

Beneath this tree is a lonely grave
Where sleeps a warrior young and brave.
For years I've wandered to this place
And smoothed the sand that hides his face;
'Tis here on bended knee each day
For my dear love I weep and pray.

I know he lives, though buried low,
And aims his spear at Buffalo,
But I will wander to this mound
Till we meet on the hunting ground;
And oft the Spirit Great I pray
That He may summon me away.

A cruel pale-face gave him rest;
He plunged his sword deep in his breast,
And rent his coat all decked with beads,
Then led away his nimble steeds.
He aimed so true, his glistening blade
My love to sleep forever laid.

The one I loved sleeps here for years,
I bathed his grave with many tears;
Though he doth moulder 'neath this mound,
He's happy on the hunting-ground,
With buck-skin belt and wampum braid,
And moccasins that I have made;

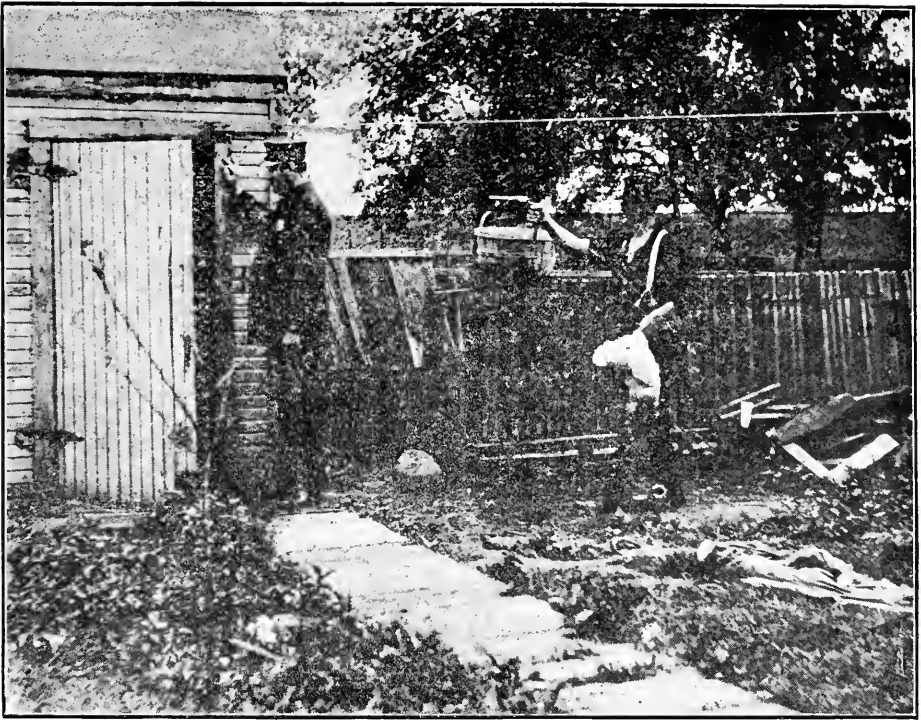
And quiver of the softest skin;
I shaped his flint-heads, made them thin,
They gave the hiding panther pain,
For they ne'er left his bow in vain.
He slew the wolf, but spared the dove,
And this is why he was my love.

How oft we rambled hand in hand,
Tracking the deer upon the sand,
Pausing to rest by yonder rill;

Then hasten to the distant hill,
And there ascend its barren side,
Hoping to find an otter's hide.

Oh, could I fly like birds above,
Had I wings of a turtle-dove,
O'er this bleak glen I'd soar tonight
I'd smooth his grave, then take my flight;
His loving face, could I but see,
I'd die content on yonder lea.

The hunting-ground—I'd meet him there
With manly form and braided hair,
And hear him whisper: "Can this be,
Oh, love! whence come you back to me?"
None know my heart;—since here he fell
I long to die. Farewell! farewell!



“He enters every alley, examines every door”

THE AMERICAN POLICEMAN.

The lot of a policeman is anything but grand;
No matter, rain or shine, he will on a corner stand;
He'll face both sun and tempest, when all but “yeggs” have
 flown,
And for the lives of others will bravely risk his own.

He walks his beat while others, to take their rest, retire;
He's on a constant lookout for robbers and for fire;
Thus weary pass the hours while other people sleep,
They cannot be compared with the company they keep.

He gives the "yegg" a lesson, whereby he should abide,
While waiting for the wagon, in which he is to ride;
The millionaire—the beggar—await the wagon's call,
For this is one place surely where justice comes to all.

Some say the "cop" is silly, by few he is admired,
Yet his is a position where judgment is required;
Men oft make suggestions, but thousands that we meet
Have many things to learn from the "copper" on the beat.

There are some people living who to him owe their lives,
Ofttimes by them upbraided, are husbands—children—
wives;
They are rescued from perils, where otherwise they'd die,
Their souls consigned to heaven, or another place far by.

He enters every alley, examines every door,
And ofttimes by big bulldogs, his pants are badly tore;
He falls o'er broken boxes, then headlong in a hole,
Yet must preserve the beauty and dignity of the soul.

No matter what may happen, he'll bravely bear the task,
And in a genteel manner reply to questions asked;
Could he do what men ask for, as to knowledge and de-
fense,
If Solomon were living he'd look like thirty cents.

Ofttimes he finds a yeggman, who points at him his gun,
'Tis then a fray commences, the copper will not run;
This is his whole ambition, "to catch that thief, I must!"
His breast is ofttimes punctured, his last kiss is the dust.

TO THE FIREMEN OF THE WORLD.

The gong rings out at midnight,
When at rest is every soul;
The fireman's peace is broken,
He is sliding down the pole.

The steeds are in the harness,
The men mount front and rear;
The captain, by his diagram,
Tells the driver where to steer.

They are gone into the darkness—
See the hook and ladder sway—
There is left no star to guide them,
It is darkness all the way.

There is danger, but no falter,
Nearer draws the welcome tread,
As the mighty flaming billows
Light the heavens over head.

Up go the mighty ladders,—
Out bursts the window pane,—
They are scaled by noble firemen,
Amid dense smoke and flame.

They climb the tottering structures,
Which stand in flames aglow,
And with them take the nozzle
Where an angel would not go.

Ofttimes they hear a calling
From a flame encircled room
"Oh, help! or else I perish!"
The foreman knows the doom.



"There is danger, but no falter"

He enters it with courage,
And his assistance lends,
Then down the tottering ladder
He cautiously descends.

Dim grows the sky above them,
And darker seems the land;
The flames are now subsiding,
There's a hose on every hand.



"They are scaled by noble firemen"

The roof perhaps has fallen
And standing is the wall.
They may rest—they dare not slumber,
They expect another call.



"I'll settle all in Hell"

PERDITION.

The Woman:

Ah, fallen woman that I am!
I plead with thee, to die;
To be an instrument for God
I never more will try.

When I was young, my heart was good,
Oft sorrow brought forth tears;
But now I plead with him alone,
Whose slave I was for years.

And that, too, very faithful, sir,
For I brought men to thee
Who ever since have followed close
The lessons taught by me.

I cursed the paths that Christians tread,
I scoffed at those who pray;
I set my snares, found trapping good,
Along destruction's way.

I've cast out Christians in thy name,
I sent thee souls before,
And many now are on the way
To cheer thee ever more.

I never gave a thought to death,
I plead with thee alone;
So well have I my duty done—
Now claim me as thine own.

I laughed and jeered at godly men,
I bade them follow me;
I planted germs that thrive as well
'Mid wealth and poverty.

I drained the cup with sinners bold,
My equal they defy;
I told them great is he I serve—
I'm ready now to die.

Satan:

Why, no hurry, foolish woman,
There's much for thee to do;
I've laid new plans, when they are done
Then I will call for you.

Were I to claim thee now from earth,
'Twould be against my will;
As yet, you're handsome, young and fair,
And men will follow still;

There are godly people in the world,
Whose songs are sang and wired,
And when you talk of coming home—
You're yet on earth required.

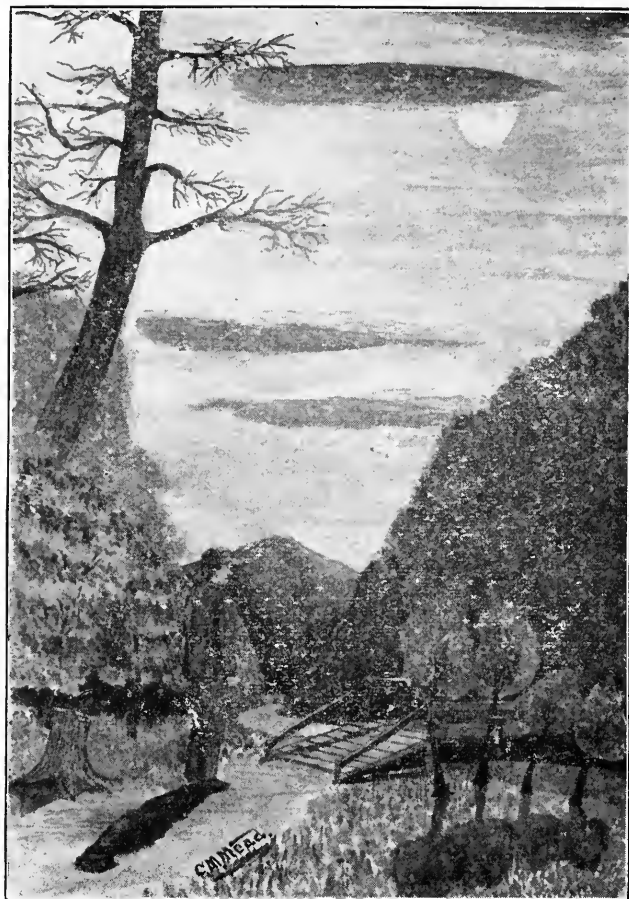
Go part ye husbands and their wives,
For the virtuous lay a plot—
The place I give to you in hell,
Won't be so awful hot.

There are ties that bind the good to earth—
Go sever every band;
Promotion soon will follow thee,
And signed by my own hand.

Go tell them you're not sick and sore,
Speak to them in their den;
For one like you can help my cause
Far superior to men.

Tell girls to follow in your steps,
Discourage all true wives;
Tell them all you hear and see,
That they miss half their lives.

Tell them for the Great you work,
With thee 'tis ever well;
Bring many souls to worship me,
I'll settle all in hell.



"I said, 'fools say there is no God' "

NEW YEAR IN MY SOUTHERN HOME.

The moon arose and spread its wings
O'er captives and the free,
On the first of January
Eighteen and ninety-three.

A few clouds scattered here and there,
Dotted the clear blue sky,
Shattering moonbeams o'er the vale
As winds would hurl them by.
The barren limbs of ash and elm,
And other forest trees,
All bowed their lofty heads beneath
The pleasant winter breeze.
No frost had chilled their tender bark,
No snow upon the ground,
As I have often seen at home
When New Year's eve came round.
But spots of green grass here and there—
The meadow lark would sing,
As he in northern climates does
When he announces spring.
And the little brooklets gaily leap
O'er pebbles, blythe and gay,
While in its clear and crystal depths
The little minnows play.
I thought of nature's beauteous charm
Beaming from everywhere,
As I strolled along the woodland path,
Fanned by the evening air.
From among the tangled branches, green,
Of ivy, growing near,
Flew the frightened turkey hen,
And, lo! the fleeing deer.
Far in the distant-forest wild,
I hear the baying hound,
And all the hills, it seemed to me,
Still echo back the sound.

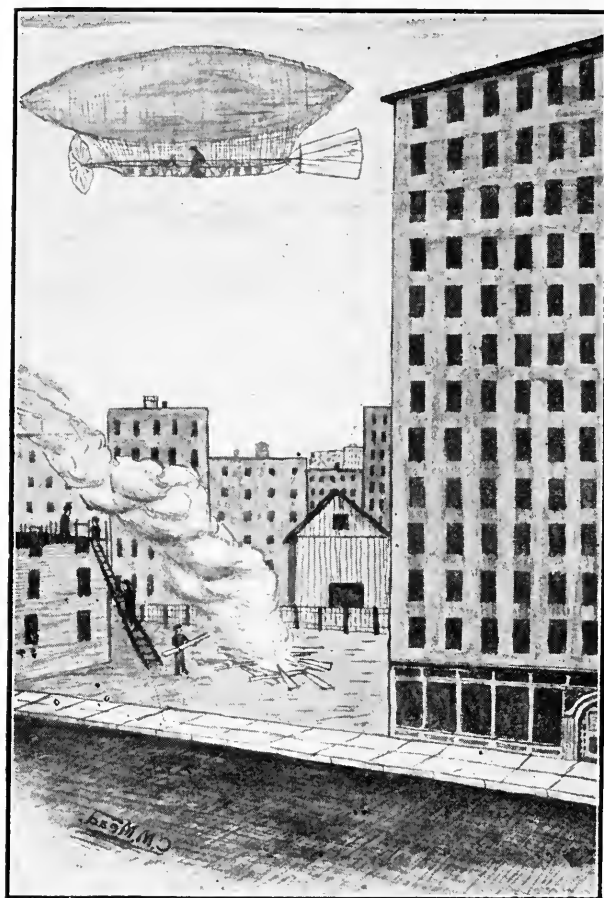
Still I wandered aimlessly,
 Shaded by many trees,
And watched the little branches sway,
 Kissed by the evening breeze.
I walked beside a little spring,
 I crossed a mossy ridge;
I watched the acorns as they fell
 Near by upon the bridge.
I said: "Fools say there is no God!"
 I grasped the tender bowers,
And breathed the sweet and fragrant air
 In those quiet midnight hours.
I turned me back and wandered home,
 And hastened to my room,
And sat there by a window pane,
 And gazed upon the moon.
The guard-house clock, upon the hill,
 Within the old stone tower,
With long and measured strokes tolled out
 The dying midnight hour.
I lay me on a warrior's cot,
 Midst comrades brave and true;
I closed my eyes to the trumpet's blast—
 Farewell! to Ninety-two.

TOLEDO.

Have you seen Toledo, and how she lies?
Her bran' new domes which scrape the skies?
If not, 'twould fill you with surprise
 To see this mighty city.
Her streets are cleaner than before,
New sidewalks reach from shore to shore,
Few beggars now rap on your door
 And tell a stranded ditty.

We tear down, throw on the fire,
What common people would admire,
And then re-build ten stories higher;
 Our air-ships carry mortar.
People here tell their relations
In many tongues, in many nations,
They're going beyond all expectations,
 Come quick by land or water.

Our schools are strictly up-to-date;
At nine and ten girls graduate,
Boys, of course, are always late;
 Strangers they can write us.
Our doctors they cut folks in twain,
Sew up the heart, glue up the brain,
Perfect health they then maintain—
 Come here with appendicitis.



"We tear down, throw on the fire"

The Lord had scarcely planned the quake,
Frisco had just begun to shake,
When news boys here cried out: "Awake!

Frisco has just fallen!

She now doth reel, yes, every wall—
This edition explains it all.
For relief there will be a general call,
And half the money stolen."

On old Maumee are many sails,
Beneath are catfish large as whales,
And German carp as long as rails,
Our seines oft them deliver.
Their flesh is sent to other states,
And there it's marked "Sweet Salmon Steaks,"
Cans are stamped with year and dates,
"Direct from Salmon river."

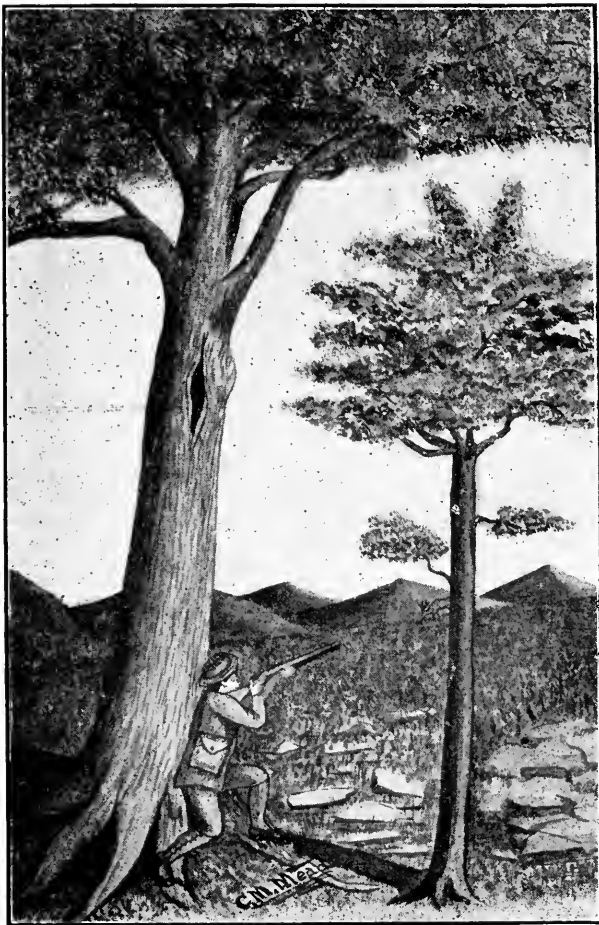
Did you ever on a corner stand
And list' to the Policemen's Band?
Say—it's the finest in the land—
Leutz he plays the loudest.
Did you ever see them on parade,
When all their grandeur was displayed?
There every note is sweetly played—
Swank he steps the proudest.

The Police will soon detect a flaw,
And bring their man before the law;
Fifteen years he's sure to draw—

Hurrah for Julius Tyler!

A blaze is never one foot long
Before the Firemen ring their gong,
As down the pike they glide along
With ladders, hook and boiler.

Such is Toledo, and her ways
Receive from all an endless praise;
A man, once here, he always stays,
For it's a place that's free;
The ignorant here can take a course;
Men talk to me till they grow hoarse;
There's a poet on the Police force—
Toledo's the town for me!



"I've sheltered thee from storms"

THE PECAN AND THE OAK.

"How old art thou?" the Pecan cries,

"Oh, that you would resign!

Of late your aged and rough bark roots
Are clinging fast to mine.

“You proudly stand, though hard and old,
When storms are fierce and wild;
Your old rough bark compares with mine
As a workman with a child.

“Your leaves are hard as Nero’s heart,
Their ribs are first to see;
Midst breezes they pour forth their scorn
By dancing over me.

“The raccoon hides in your old boughs,
Also the panther purs;
Your fruit is food for filthy swine,
Though covered o’er with burrs.

“Now don’t you feel ashamed, old Oak,
Of living? Tell me true;
My failing voice is growing weak;
I’ll listen now to you.

The Oak Replies:

“Long have I graced this remote field,
And proud, Pecan, am I
To know my branches old can sway
So proudly in the sky.

“Men of yore, now dead and gone,
Oft knew not where to go;
At length they marked me as a guide,
Ere you commenced to grow.

"As a father shields his loving child,
I've sheltered you from storms;
My trunk would sway to catch the frost,
While o'er you held my arms.

"When you, Pecan, were but a sprig,
The hunters round me knelt;
My boughs threw shade around you then,
And all quite happy felt.

"A hundred years have passed and gone,
The storms, the sun, and moon,
Decayed by broken heart above—
It hides the shy raccoon.

"Beneath my boughs a maiden sleeps,
Felled by a lover's blow;
'Twas I that marked her resting place,
Two hundred years ago.

"Her bones have slowly turned to dust,
Save one that here I lull,
Wound with roots deprived from earth,
Now rests this maiden's skull.

"I've seen the red man running wild,
With quiver on his back;
And where your trunk is firmest now,
He found the otter's track.

"My fruit cannot compare with thine,
But thee I've watched since birth;
I've filled the path where many heels
Would crush thee in the earth.

"I'll pardon thee, for thou art young,
But speak more kind to me;
I'll shield thee ever from the storm;
Come now, speak thou to me."

The Pecan:

Oh, Father Oak, forgive thy child!
Thou art a glorious tree!
I'll always boast, if spared to tell,
How you protected me.

"'Tis true, the maids will seek my fruit,
And always call it best,
But where your branches shade the soil,
They pause for sweetest rest.

"I've seen the hunter, in my time,
Bring down the bleeding goose,
And take a bead from your old bark
To fire on the grazing moose."

"We try to reach, but 'tis in vain—
Long may thy branches sway!
When severed by the woodman's axe,
May you fall and quick decay."

TO MY ABSENT WIFE.

My wife went away the other night,
She heard from home and took her flight;
 It's scarce a week since she is gone,
 I wish she'd hurry back anon.
And were I near a telephone
I'd say: "I'm lonely! Please come home!"
 My home tonight looks like a place
 Which to all men would bring disgrace;
Each nook and corner I will scan
And mention all as best I can:
 The sitting-room is filled with sand,
 My clothes are on the parlor-stand.
Tidies are falling from the chairs,
And spiders dropping down in pairs;
 My cot is searched by every breeze,
 My chickens come in when they please.
Tramps call on me each day in scores,
The pig runs in through open doors;
 Mosquitoes hum around my head,
 And big green flies perch on the bread.
The mirror's hanging upside down,
The walls have changed from white to brown.
 At starving-point is my poor cur,
 For he, too, did depend on her.
The clock is silent on the shelf—
You'd know I made the bed myself;
 Cold is the hearth and dim the light,
 Oft do I miss my bath at night.

My neighbors all think I'm a fake,
For of their victuals I partake;
 Nothing to eat can I prepare—
 That's why I must beg of their fare.
The bird has ceased his merry song,
For he, too, knows that something's wrong;
 His wings have dropped, his head hangs low—
 May be he's hungry—I don't know.
I sleep each night in a bed unmade,
I burn a light for I'm afraid.
 She's small of size and weak of frame,
 To treat her ill would be a shame.
Each harsh word bringeth forth a tear,
To vex her, that is all I fear.
 The meals she gets are all well done,
 Methinks they'd suit most anyone.
I have but one word more to say:
A bachelor I could never stay!

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

What! I tell you a story?
My child what will it be?
Something about the heavens,
Or about the land and sea?

Crispy morning, well, my pet,
Good many years ago,
A babe lay in a manger,
When all was clad in snow.

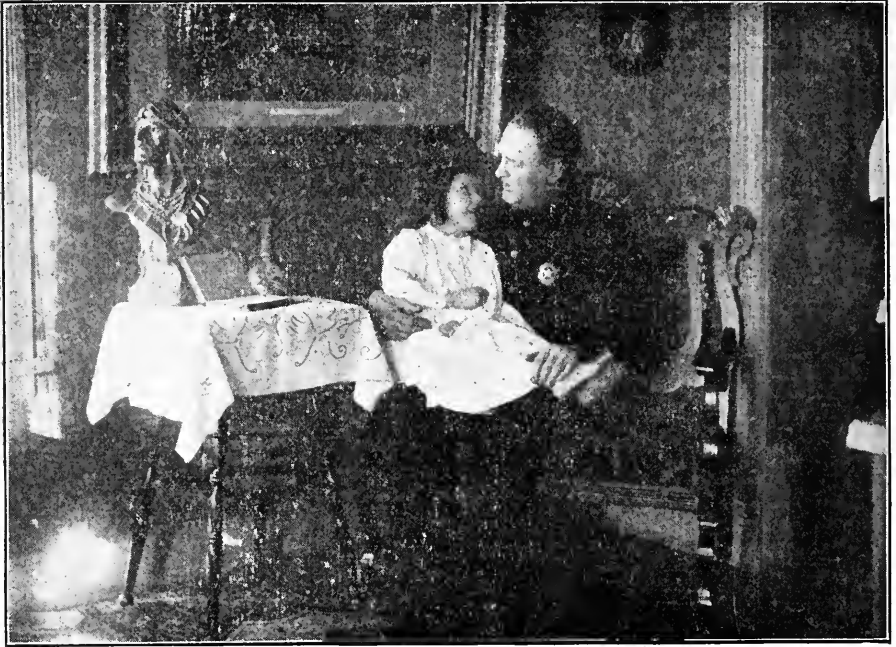
We, having no Redeemer,
The Father one had sent
That we might live forever
If we but would repent.

Christ came to save the sinner—
The false, the proud, untrue—
We'd have needed no redeemer
If all men were like you.

Since then, for such a blessing
As on that cold night came,
A saint has brought grand presents
And 'Santy' is his name.

But he's a queer old fellow—
Don't stop at every door;
He seems to have a hatred
For children that are poor.

When I, like you, a baby,
In him I did believe.
On the knob I hung my stockings
On every Christmas eve.



"What will that story be?"

I'd see grand presents given,
From arm and Christmas-tree,
But many times an apple
Was all he left for me.

Ma said we had no money,
And "Santy" he was mad;
I thought it a strange notion
That queer old "Santy" had.

When Christmas came next season,
I'd see some grand display;
I'd ask about my presents—
His deer just ran away.

Tonight old "Santy's coming—
Not as in days of yore—
Go find your longest stockings
And hang them on the door;

And then lie very quiet,
If you should hear a noise,
It's "Santy Claus" a-coming
With candy and with toys.

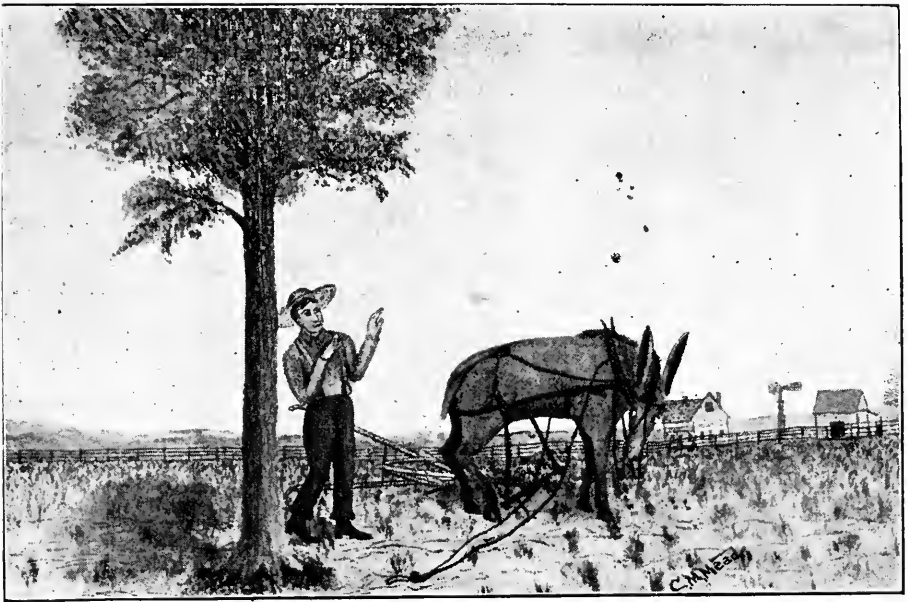
He'll run your stockings over,
He'll leave new shoes and gown;
He'll then go out the chimney—
The way that he came down.

Now go to sleep, my baby,
For you need nothing fear;
I only hope that "Santy"
May call on you each year.

THE POET AND THE MULE.

Now then, Mister Poet, I've got you near a tree;
You've been mighty ugly, now let me hear your plea.
You've licked me and you've kicked me, you struck me
 with a rail,
You hitched me in the barn yard, where calves chewed off
 my tail.
I've worked till nearly famished, for night how I did wish.
Once you gave my supper to a Mule that peddled fish;
One time you told a doctor I could not raise my head;
If he once stepped behind me, he'd be numbered with the
 dead.

You told your neighbors many, I could kick Gibraltar
 through;
I won't make you out a liar, I'll prove your statement true.
For corn you gave me dynamite, when you were full of
 beer.
I've decided now to send you to a change of atmosphere.
Can you give good reasons why now we should not part?
It depends on how your pleadings touch the mainspring of
 my heart.



"Please forgive me, Mr. Muley"

Reply:

Mister Muley, I'm your servant; Oh, won't you please forgive?

We were both created, and both put here to live;
'Tis true we both have tempers that we should learn to share;

We're almost alike, sir; you're a mule and I'm a hare.
My ears resemble yours, I have your winning eye;
Just now, dear Mister Muley, I could bray, were I to try.
I've your sweet disposition, it sticks to me like glue;
Oh, let me die a natural death, when all work here is through!

I now ask thee forgiveness, of your kind heart and brain.
You'll ever in the hereafter get a double feed of grain.

Mule:

Yes, you have touched my heartstrings, they sound a different tune,

Their melody is as soft as a nightingale's in June.
I was just a wondering how far 'twas to the stars;
I decided once to send you, by that route, into Mars.
I will rise upon the morrow, and start at early morn;
You can hold the harrow, I will draw it through the corn;
But if again you pound me, for you there'll be no hope.
I'll send you to that land they can't find with a telescope.

WILL POWER AGAINST TEMPTATION.

My curse on you, O, demon, red!
With thistles you have strewn my bed,
Benumbed my heart with aches and pain,
You've all but driven me insane;
You gave me that accursed thirst,
It seems just now my head will burst;
You've watched me like a thief for years,
You've filled my mother's eyes with tears.
Many a path where roses bloom
You've hid, and only showed its gloom—
I stand now on destruction's brink,
And still you tempt me with more drink—
But no!—Be gone!

My curse on you, O, beaded bowl!
You bring damnation to the soul,
You deal out misery far and wide,
Bring woe and death to many a bride.
You scoff at every drunkard's fall,
You give him naught though you take all;
You send him barefoot in the snow
And tell him not which way to go.
You rob men of their babes and wife,
You take from them the joys of life;
You are the devil's centre link,
And still you tempt me with more drink—
But no!—Be gone!

Temptation:

What! You speak thus, and me you shun?
I'll tell the good work I have done:
'Tis true, I'm one that oft beguiles,
But I've turned your angered face to smiles;
I've driven care from out your breast,
And lulled your troubled heart to rest;
I made you friends you ne'er have seen,
Sang songs, told stories in between.
'Tis true, I often caused your fall,
Yet painted grandeur on the wall;
I've shown you visions 'cross the sea—
Now, will you not partake of me?
"No, never!"

I scattered gloom, I killed your pain;
No germs survive where I remain;
I helped you on through journeys drear,
Though others fell you knew no fear;
I fought your troubles in dismay
Until I drove them all away.
Wouldst thou have chosen without me
Thy loving wife, so dear to thee?
With voice so sweet, face like a queen?
Was it not I that stepped between?
I thought this woman best for thee.
Now, will you not partake of me?
"No, never!"

Go search the world from zone to zone;
You'll find none better than your own;
And that sweet babe with golden hair
I know but few that can compare;
Her hands like lilies in repose,
Her cheeks like blushes of the rose;
Her voice so sweet, so soft, so mild,
There's no such other darling child.
And now you say you'll cast me out
When I did bring all this about?
Now, after all I did for thee,
Won't you once more partake of me?
"I will!"



"Thanks to the son who lowered the rod"

ODE TO THE SPIELBUSCH FOUNTAIN.

This lovely fountain was erected after the destruction of the old Cherry Street Market House, on Cherry street, Toledo, Ohio, in memory of Henry Spielbusch, now deceased, by his son, John Spielbusch, Toledo's present Treasurer, and donated to this city. The following poem was written by the poet after taking a hearty draught at early dawn, while on his way to Police Headquarters.

O, beautiful fountain! so holy and good,
Adorning the place where the old market stood;
Where mammoth iron bars were bolted in rows,
Where horses fought flies, now a green carpet grows.

Thy dome is not lofty, thy cups are not gold,
The people here flock like sheep to the fold;
Mothers, to children, for pitchers will call;
There is plenty to spare, and enough for us all.

On every morn, between three and four,
I quench my thirst from thy bountiful store;
As in the tin cup I thy purity view,
A short little verse is whispered for you.

O, beautiful fountain! this is my song:
To the memory erected of one that is gone,
All thanks to the son who lowered the rod
That brought to the people one blessing of God!

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

Carnegie builds wide mansions and grand;
Those thirsting for knowledge will find him at hand;
He knows that his wealth to the tomb cannot go,
So he builds institutions for high and for low.

He's dried many tears that misery did bring,
He's healed many wounds made by its sting;
He's clothed needy poor, many debts he'll defray,
He's bid well each traveler he met on the way.

He has lightened the burdens of mothers and girls—
He clothed them not o'er with diamonds and pearls—
He approached and encouraged, with true words of love,
He asked them—live so, they would meet him above.

Carnegie's Epitaph.

Here lies the poor man's friend at rest,
Whose wealth was ever handy.
Of all rich men he was the best,
And that's damned fine of Andy.

Be it remembered that Andrew Carnegie once said, he wished the last line of his epitaph to read:

“And that's damned fine of Andy.”

This is the poet's idea of the epitaph preferred by the much loved millionaire.

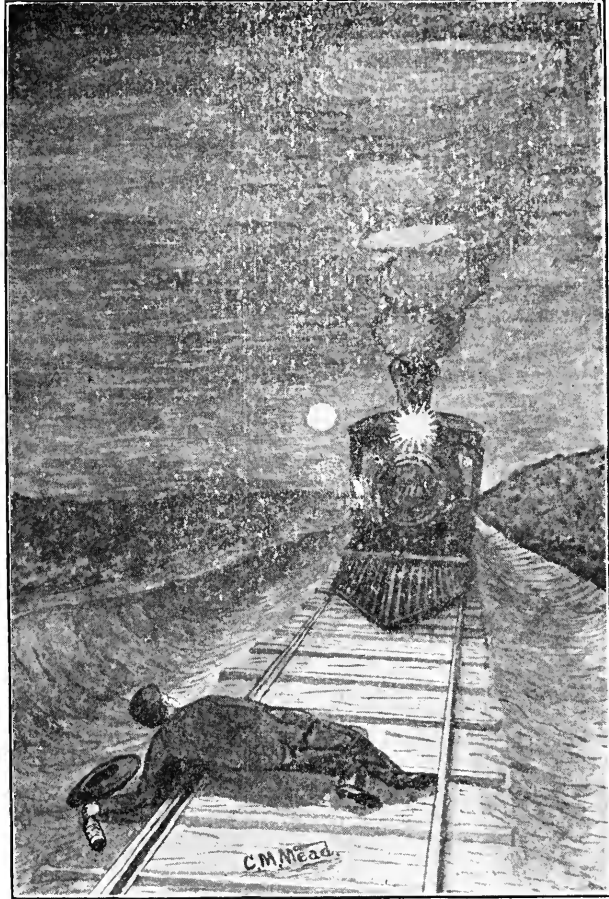
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM THEN?

What's the matter with a feller
When he can stand no more,
And asks a big policeman
To show him to the door?
His wife wakes from her slumber:
"What kept you out so late?
I have a mind to leave you,
And seek another mate!"

What's the matter with a feller
When he tries to get in bed
With shoes and hat still on him,
And a buzzing in his head?
His wife takes up the poker
To show the latest feats:—
"Tonight will be your last, sir,
If you soil my new sheets."

What's the matter with a feller
When his hat cannot be found;
When he rises from his slumber
And his head goes round and round?
His wife has had her breakfast,
The children are in school;
She gives him one side look, with:—
"You ought to die, you fool!"

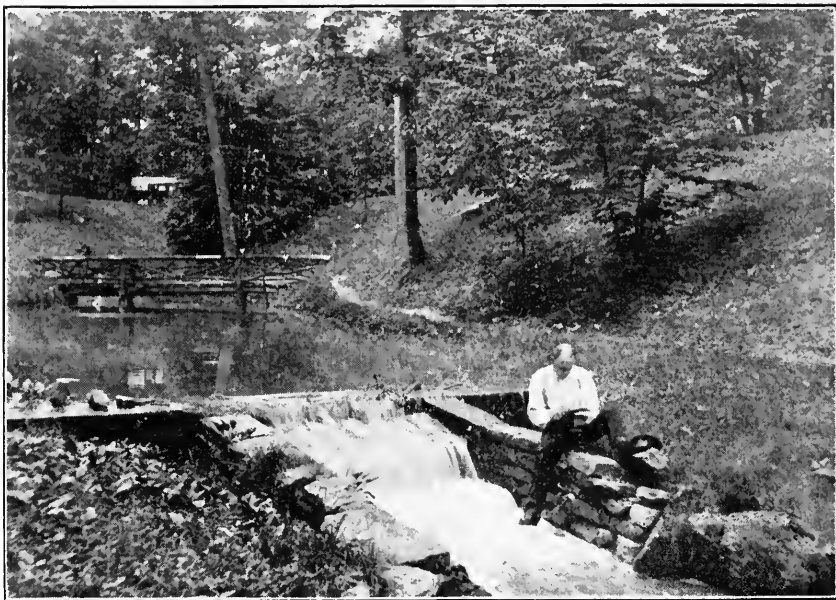
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“Don’t cast those eyes upon me”

What's the matter with a feller
When he peers between the bars,
With sentry's eyes upon him,
He thinks that they are stars?
He cries out: "Twinkle, twinkle,
I'm in a land that's free;
Quite sure that it's heaven;
There's angels' eyes on me."

What's the matter with a feller
When he lays upon the track,
Sees the locomotive coming,
Thinks his mother-in-law is back?
Says he to it: "Dear Mother,
I've been out, I must confess;
Don't cast those eyes upon me."
Well—he's pretty drunk, I guess.



"As dust I am, unto dust I'll return"

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

I'm seated this day on a lonely shore,
Green sprigs around me are growing;
The squirrel sports as he did of yore
And the beech its seed is sowing;
Pale the leaves that kiss father sun,
The frost their stems will soon sever;
On the sea a river doth run,
Merrily, yet silly as ever.

The once handsome vine has applied for its rest,
It fears the wild stormy weather;
The squirrel is taking its sails for his nest,
Its fruits November will gather;
Here wheels of time for centuries have turned,
With God alone at the lever,
All nature waits patiently, unconcerned,
Listening the winds, blowing ever.

It's not so with mortals who dwell here below;
There is one I have fondly embraced,
To the domain of death was called long ago,
Her smile has ne'er been effaced;
I wonder some day will she beckon to me,
To cross that wide, stormy river?
Will she stand on the shore, and list to my oar,
Laughing merrily as ever?

It seems so strange that I should fear death,
Yet I care not to tarry here ever;
Some day when I'm old I'll welcome the fold
Of the shroud that will wind me forever.
As dust I am, unto dust I'll return,
I'll dream of no pain, neither joy;
In a twinkling I'm changed, but back I return
To her whom I loved when a boy.



"Call off your dog, Madam,
Pants, I've but one pair"

A TRAMP'S PLIGHT.

"I am poor, lady, yet abide with the law.
I come from the south—from old Arkansaw;
I've met with misfortune, on land and on sea;
I pray thee, kind lady, take pity on me.

My wants are not many, to please is no task,
Therefore, sweet lady, grant all that I ask.
I'd like some hot coffee, and doughnuts besides,
A chunk of fat pork, with lean on all sides.
A pie cut in halves, some bread if you please,
The leg of a cock, and limburger cheese;
I'd like a few eggs, if you've plenty to spare;
I could also relish an apple and pear.
I could drink hard cider if brought on a tray,
If bottled up neatly I'll take it away;
Please grant this request and then I will pass.
Will call here next winter and mow off your grass.
I appreciate kindness when minus the price.
Will return every August to pack away ice.
My wife she is ill in a far distant land,
I've a son in Chicago who plays in the band;
My daughter bakes pies in the Astor Hotel.
My business on earth is to represent Hell."
"Well, I have a dog representing that place,
He wears a bob tail and a smile on his face;
He's a tender old fellow, he sheds many tears,
But can't hear a sound—we sheared off his ears;
No sign of mercy ever on him was put;
I'll show you, vile knave, he is quick upon foot."
"Call off your dog, Madam, pants I've but one pair,
I've worn them some time, and they're easy to tear;
Well, why don't you call him? Why are you so slow?
I feel something rip, the seat soon will go."
"There's no use in calling, he can't hear a word;
'Pon my soul, it's a wonder to me that he stirred;
He slept 'neath the stove all summer, I vow,
But seems to be doing his duty just now."

“Call louder, Madam, I’ve no clothes to spare!
There’s either a dog or a hurricane there;
The fangs of the Devil himself I’d prefer
To those in my pants, and the growl of your cur!”
“Climb a tree,” was the cry from the lady behind.
“Surely I’ll climb the first thing I find.”
He climbed a tree like a sailor the mast,
And the dog held fast to his prey to the last.
Again she replied to the tramp’s frightful sound,
And persuaded the dog to remain on the ground.
“These pants,” said the tramp, “no longer will fit.”
“Turn round,” said the lady, “till I see where you’re
bit.”
“I don’t think I will,” said he with a frown,
“I’ll remain as I am till the sun shall go down;
When darkness shall banish all traces of day,
Then perchance, lady, I’ll wander away.”
The lady and dog at this took their flight,
And the tramp disappeared in the darkness of night.

PAUL JONES ON THE SEA.

Ye have heard of Paul Jones, America's hero,
Who commanded the "Richard," a dog of the sea;
Also the "Serapis," commanded by Piersons—
One for the King, one the Land of the Free.

The flight of the Richard with peace long had tarried,
Till a bold British Lion, in breezes away,
Swung from a mast of the great gunner Serapis,
Defying the stars in a bloody affray.

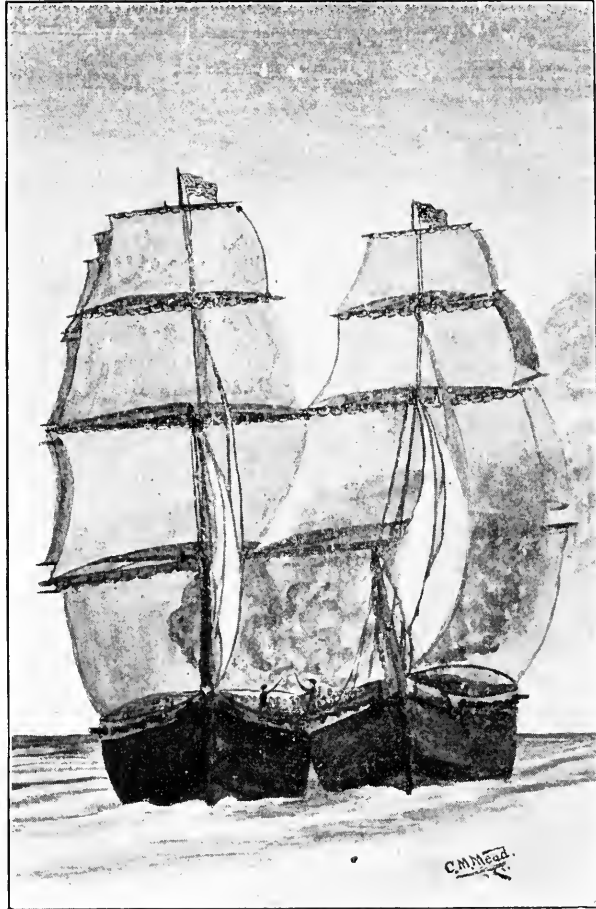
Paul Jones soon sighted the Lion in frenzy,
And changing the course of the dog of the tide;
"Who's there?" signaled Piersons with emphatic demeanor,
"Who's there?" in reply Jones gave a broadside.

The moon in its beauty shone peacefully o'er them,
The soft breezes bore their emblems as one;
The sea was quietly taking her slumber,
As three hours of the world's greatest fighting begun.

The response was prompt—the enemy cursing—
Each in their maddening attempt to aspire;
Nearer and nearer drifted the fighters,
Deciding their fate with a terrific fire.

One fathom of brine lies only between them,
Lamentable shrieks are heard now and then;
The eighteen-pounder still dealing out carnage,
And pouring their hell on the bodies of men.

The dogs of war are brushing each other,
Each one determined the other erase;
Jones with chains now binds them together,
Their jaws are locked in a deadly embrace.



"Their jaws are locked in deadly embrace"

The English, below, swept all from the Richard,
All but the mainmast were now shot away,
Yet high on deck stood America's heroes,
Their six and nine-pounders still firing at bay

The Richard is rent, and filling with water,
Prisoners unbound, they pump, every one;
One gunner dumbfounded, cries "Quarters! Oh, quarters!"
Jones here laid him out with the butt of a gun.

"Quarters demand you?" cried out the bold Piersons,
"Have you concluded that we're in the right?"
"Quarters be damned," cries Jones, unrelenting,
"We've not yet begun, ye cowards, to fight!"

Now a mighty cheer went up for their leader,
With muskets and cannons their decks they did sweep;
Their mainmast is falling, their ship is fast sinking.
Sure, no braver heroes e'er fought on the deep.

Men board their ship, Jones loudly is calling,
Already thrice wounded, his saber he drew;
Was followed by men who never knew falter,
They tapped the blood veins of the Lion's brave crew.

"Quarters! Give quarters!" in frenzy cried Piersons.
"We're licked!" The bold Lion no longer can roar;
Both vessels on fire, and slowly were sinking,
Jones in life boats bore the living to shore.

The two shattered vessels went down with the lifeless,
Gallant and brave were the ill-fated tars;
Their white bones, now amber, are floating together,
And none can now tell the Lions from Stars.

Such was the fate of the Richard and Serapis;
They sailed, they met, and they gallantly fought;
They bled and they died, left widows and orphans.
Should we not love the land that such heroes have
bought?

WHEN I WAS A WEATHER PROPHET.

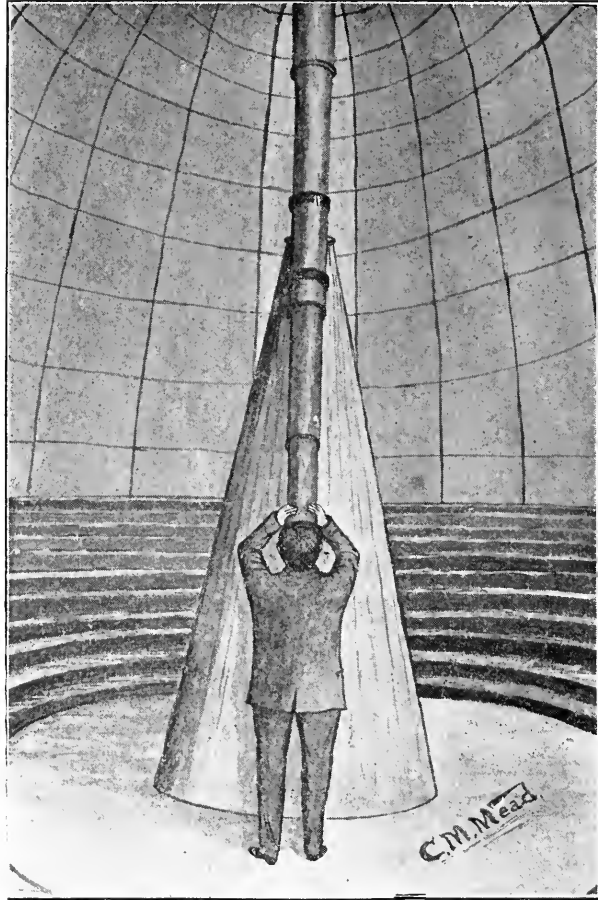
When I was a weather prophet
I turned my 'scope on Mars,
And then I fixed the focus
To view the moon and stars;
I next gazed on the galaxy
And the halo which it forms,
And told the world in general
That it would soon see storms.

I told men that a whirl-wind
Had started way out west,
And all our pleasant weather
Would shortly be suppressed;
I told them that to kettles
Cold icicles would cling,
And winds that are now quiet
Through forests soon would sing.

I told them that a blizzard
Came at a fearful rate;
It started out from Texas
Or some such western state;
“’Twill sweep the tops of mountains,
So fierce will be its blast;
’Twill shatter every rain-cloud,
And sink both tug and mast.”

My bulletin next morning
Read: “Rouse ye, every one,
And smoke your glasses over,
There’s an eclipse on the sun.

The world will be in darkness
And lovers now may stroll.”
The next day I feared a flinthead
Might penetrate my soul.



“When I was weather prophet, I turned the 'scope on Mars”

I told them how for miles away
A great storm I could see;
'Twould knock down old Mount Everett,
Drive waters from the sea.
I then bade all sea captains
Seek shelter without fail,
And for a month to furl up
The rigging and the sail.

I sent good news to Arabs
Who ride their camels tall,
To start with empty canteens,
For heavy rains would fall;
The oases will be teeming
With many a cooling meer;
The albatross will be there—
The first time in the year.

I sent good news to farmers,
Through the Farmer's Magazine,
That ere long all the meadows
Would be bedecked with green;
For the weather will be lovely,
Since crickets chirp their song;
But that day came a blizzard
And I again was wrong.

I told men 'bout the North Pole,
Its degree and latitude,
And whosoe'er would reach it
Should have my gratitude;

I told them when the weather
 Would be either mild or cold;
I told them all in Greenland
 Methought the ice would hold.

I told them that a simoon
 Would strike a far-off land,
Which riders of the camels
 Would bury up in sand;
I suppose that there are people
 Who then on me relied,
Who still in sand lie buried
 As underneath a tide.

I spoke of the four seasons,
 And changes of the moon,
I said there'll be a comet
 In the sky now pretty soon;
I told men when to visit
 Their native land abroad,
Till some one finally published
 That I was a vile fraud.

This kind o' hurt my business
 In an underhanded way.
The second printer published
 What the first one had to say;
I thought I'd quit that business
 While as yet I held together.
Still, I did as well as Foster
 As a prophet of the weather.

THE FARMER'S LOT.

Say, I don't like this farming—
The profit comes in dribs,
Besides you get a thumping
Quite often in the ribs.

The frost killed all my pumpkins,
The sun melted my ice,
A hail-storm killed my goslings,
And lightning struck me twice.

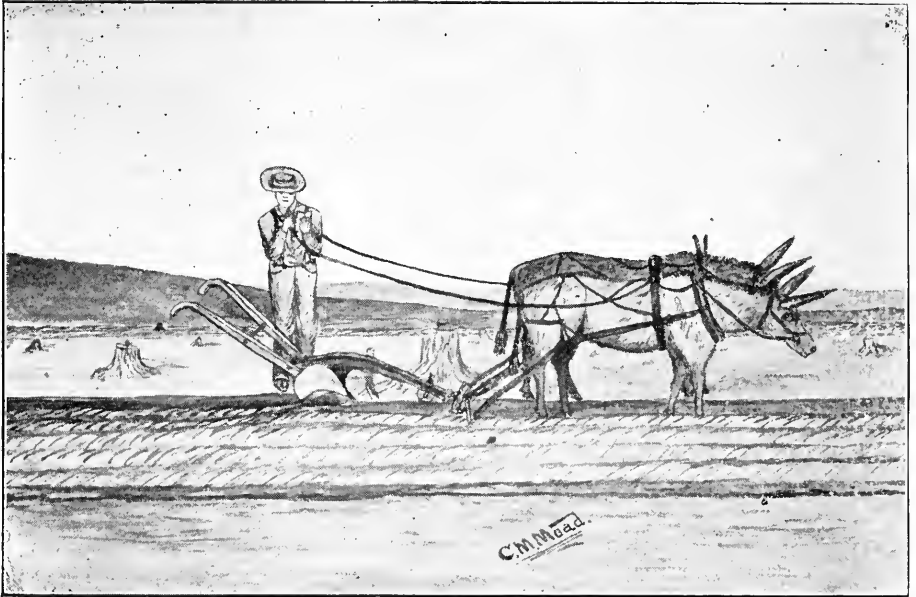
My wheat is slowly dying,
My oats refuse to grow,
My squash-seeds all have rotted,
And there's no grass to mow.

Potatoes never sprouted,
The beans all failed to swell;
A hawk stole all my chickens
And frogs filled up my well.

A neighbor stole my turkey,
An engine killed my cow;
A boy destroyed my roller,
Another broke my plow.

These mules are slowly starving,
They go by jerks and reels;
All that of life was left them
Has gone into their heels.

My sheep are fast decreasing—
Death claims one every day;
I'm dealing now in buck-skins
For lack of grain and hay.



"Say, I don't like this farming"

This farm was just a present—
To stay doth me behoove.
Did I not love my neighbor,
I'd shoot these mules and move.

I cannot understand it,
Why the Lord did here me send
Upon this barren desert—
I can't make enough to spend.

Had I but cash in plenty,
I'd leave the plow and hoe,
Nor would I mules be driving
Amid such toil and woe.

I'd seek some other labor,
Perhaps start out in biz;
But when I think it over,
'Tis better as it is.



"My sons, arise! 'tis the dawn of day"

THE DAWN OF DAY.

Ho! sons, arise! 'Tis the dawn of day.
The robins chirp, the lambs they play;
We'll clear away the virgin soil,
Want seldom comes to those who toil;
The sun will soon climb yonder hill,
And paint its beauty in the rill.
The ant's at work, the birds they sing,
The bee will soon be on the wing.
Ho! sons, arise! The night has flown,
I'll help you plow, you may reap alone.

Worldly men of every creed,
Kings and queens, we farmers feed;
Beggars, too, they live somehow;
We earn all by the sweating brow.
We'll fill the barns with golden grain,
We'll fill the mammoth mows again,
We'll smile when winter sends its blast,
And snow and ice sweep swiftly past.
Your mother's span is almost trod.
We will soon be reaped by the arm of God.



SELF-ADULATION.

They call me a dog—well, I am, I suppose—
Criticism is my tail, my teeth and my nose;
I'm kicked if I don't obey all that is said,
And many's the time I've wished myself dead.

I've this much to say—if I can't laugh and talk,
And pull on my cap, stand up and walk—
I never get drunk, and threaten men's lives,
Or wink on the streets at other dogs' wives.

I'm never in jail, nor afraid of my God—
No officer follows the path which I trod—
My conscience is pure, my life all can view,
Look well as some men, I'll leave it to you.

EARTH'S CREATION.

God made the earth, the moon, the stars,
The rainbow in the sky,
The glorious sun that gives us light
Each day from heaven on high;
He made the valleys, hills and seas
By His almighty powers;
He next made Adam out of dust
And placed him midst the flowers.

Adam saw the progress of the earth,
He viewed its vast domains,
As underneath the tree he sat
And scanned its fertile plains;
Winds would toss the frothing brine,
Vast hills arose on plain,
His eyes would ope, as craters shriek,
Though soon to close again.

The Lord inquired unto the cause
Why he was heavy laden;
Then Adam spoke unto the Lord,
"I'm lonely for a maiden."
The Lord said, "Sleep!" And Adam slept—
He awoke and all was done,
And there beside him sat a maid
As radiant as the sun.

“The work is o’er,” thus spake the Lord—
“And Eve she shall be named.”
Said Adam, “She’s so sweet and fair,
This face makes me ashamed.”
The answer came, “You’ll here remain,
Each other’s soul to thrill;
You’ll have dominion o’er the earth,
The beasts, the sea, the hill.

“On yonder tree there groweth fruit;
By no hand shall it fall;
This vast domain to thee I give,
That you may rule it all.”
Soon Eve left Adam, and ere long
Returned and asked his pardon.
“I plucked the fruit that yonder grew”—
God drove her from the garden.

Then Adam said. “I, too, will go,
We’ll ask another home;
I’d rather dwell on yonder rock
Than in this place, all alone.”
They left the place at God’s command,
Their roof was clouds above—
And thus began the birth of man,
With this sacrifice for love.

This tells the bravery of the fair
And how this life was gained.
She was a hero from her goal,
A title still maintained.
Were Adam first to taste the fruit
That grew upon that tree,
Upon a log he yet would sit
Enrapt in misery.

He who doth speak of her as false
When tempted, how she fell,
Knows not that his existence here
Caused her the pains of hell.
The heart that beats in woman's breast
Is pure as buds of May,
Compared with man, who plants his seed,
Then forever walks away.

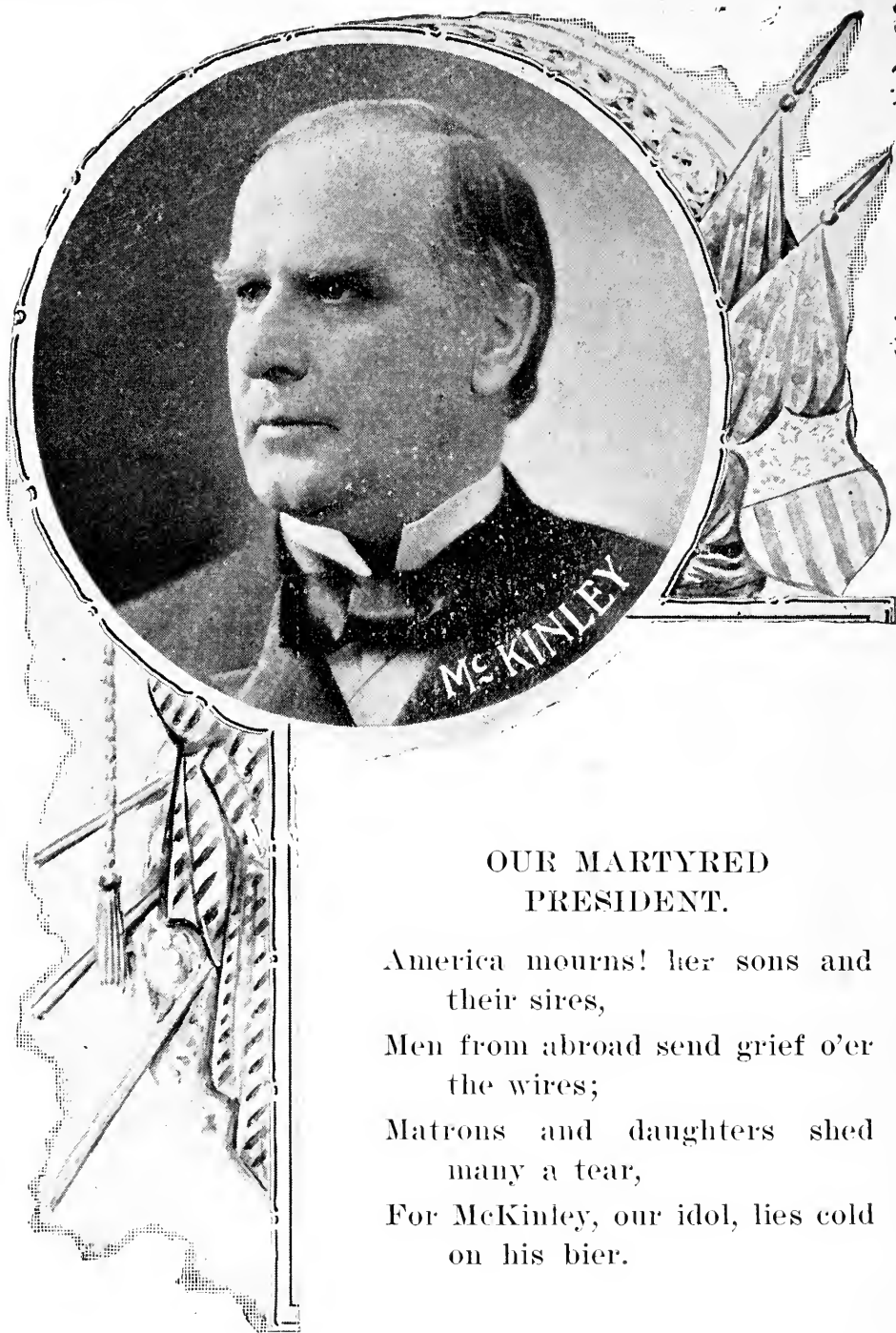
The ignorant say that women talk—
Are plumed, are shelled and pearled—
Well, have they not a right to talk?
They're the Mothers of the world.
Man goeth forth with pick and spade,
And downcast, solemn mien;
He'll build a castle in the air,
Then who must keep it clean?

True, man will face the cannon's roar,
The enemy will rid;
But no man ever rammed more shots
Than Mollie Pitcher did.
Brave Barbara Frietsche waved the flag
From out the window sill;
"This is the one I love, Stonewall,
Now shoot me if you will!"

No man has ever soared so high
That woman would not go.
For love of child mothers have leaped
To fiery depths below.
No vehicle has moved so fast
That woman would not ride;
No catastrophe has come to earth
Where she was first to hide.

Look in the faces of the fair,
Then on the face of man;
The one is like unto the sun,
One aglow with hair and tan.
One sings of heavenly bliss and joy,
One falsehoods yearns to tell;
Like doves among the buzzards wild,
Come women here to dwell.

I could speak long of her goodness,
Her enemies I defy;
Were there no women on this earth,
'Tis true, I'd pray to die.
For they are godly gifts to man,
And many times I've wondered:
If man is blessed with a woman's love,
What of him who has a hundred?



OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

America mourns! her sons and
their sires,
Men from abroad send grief o'er
the wires;
Matrons and daughters shed
many a tear,
For McKinley, our idol, lies cold
on his bier.

OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

From the home of the chosen, you decided to go,
And make them a visit at old Buffalo;
To the vilest of demons you extended your hand,
While the fatal shot fell thee, O, pride of our land!

'Twas few days thou linger'st, and death relieved pain,
Men spoke of recovery again and again;
At last came this message: "All hope is now fled.
Czolgosz is a murderer; the President's dead."

To the martyr's bier his remains they soon bore;
Lincoln and Garfield have slept there before;
Three noble men, who ruled well our lands,
All brought to their tombs by murderers' hands.

Wher'er the stars shine thy absence is felt;
May the blessings of God rest on Roosevelt;
May he execute plans o'er the Land of the Free,
And well fill the seat vacated by thee.

All flags are half-masted on this mournful day,
And slowly they tread as they bear thee away;
Thou hast well done thy duty by all from thy goal—
McKinley, our hero, sweet peace to thy soul!

RETRIBUTION.

There was silence in the chamber;—
Czolgosz seated in the chair,
Wires hummed the sad death rattle,
Flashing blue light here and there.

The warden grasped the lever
That switched the well-aimed blow,
And asked the trembling culprit:
“Are you ready, sir, to go?”

Czolgosz Replies:

“I own I shot McKinley,
For shooting is my creed,
Nor can I say before I die
I’m sorry for the deed.

“I swore that I would kill him,
The deed at last was done,
And now that death doth claim me—
Farewell! my race is run.

“Turn on the current! I’m ready!”
No sign of pain he bore;
A corpse now in the chair he sat—
The murderer is no more.

IN MEMORY OF HAZEN S. PINGREE.

(Written on Funeral Day.)

Good-by! Hazen Pingree, thy days here are o'er;
You gave men their freedom and fought for the poor,
You helped free the states at Lincoln's great call—
At last made Governor, and the best of them all!

You were worshipped by women, and loved by most men,
For charity bestowed again and again;
And never again will Michigan see
Her fertile soil governed by a ruler like thee!

Thy years were not many before the last call,
Yet great was the good meted out unto all;
The young and the old thy sayings relate;
You died with great plans for the good of the State.

That city, Detroit, is in mourning today,
And crape with the winds most gently doth sway,
Telling the fate of one who was loyal,
And marking his grave in Michigan's soil.

The heart of the timid, the heart of the brave,
Now silently beat one march to the grave;
Slowly the tread, the drums scarcely play,
For thou, like the flower, art faded away.

Sweet be thy peace in thy last resting place;
The earth that thou governed now hideth thy face;
Thy great love for charity, your people now tell.
Once more and forever, good ruler, farewell!



SERGEANT JAMES BOYLE

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF SERGT. JAMES BOYLE.

Sergeant James Boyle was brutally murdered on the night of May 3, 1908, while in the act of arresting car thieves on the Clover Leaf Railway. His only companion in the conflict was Patrolman A. L. Jackson, whose never failing eye and quick aim brought down the slayer of Boyle in his flight for life after the shooting. Sergeant Boyle remarked, "Do the best you can, Jack; it's all up with me now." Sergeant Boyle's family consisted of a mother, wife, two daughters and a baby boy. It was ever a race between the daughter and babe to see which could first greet their sire with a kiss, after his daily labors were o'er.

There's a space in our number; 'twill never be filled;
A man, ever loyal, by a villain was killed;
Shot at his post, without cause, without fear;
Was to hospital borne, then coffin and bier.

When the bullet had pierced him, and gore it ran free,
He told his friend Jackson, "It's all up with me!
I care not for self, it's the family I love;
Oh, who will watch o'er them when I'm called above?"

When death it was certain on him had laid claim,
He spoke to his family and called them by name:
"I am going—good-bye!" he spoke with last breath,
And answered with smile to the summons of death.

Like a soldier we loved him, like a soldier he died;
No matter what danger, all on him relied;
At the call of the Chief he was ready and true;
Not a cowardly hair in his head ever grew.

In many years' service many trials he had borne,
But always a smile on his countenance was worn;
A stone inscribed thus shall stand where he lies—
"The more lovely the flower, the sooner it dies."

In the balance of judgment he was many times weighed,
Not wanting gold chevrons his dress coat arrayed;
A wreath marked "Sergeant" was worn on his head,
A reward for the honorable life he had lead.

Him mother, wife, daughters and baby will miss,
Who hastened outside for the coveted kiss;
You'll not be found wanting or left here alone;
To make happy the lonely, Toledo is known.

In grief we consign thee to thy dwelling so low;
You have paid the debt that we everyone owe;
We trust that thy spirit is today with the blest.
My curse on the villain who laid thee to rest.

THE FADED FLOWER.

There once bloomed a blossom, fair as the sun.
I first saw its beauty in sculpture-work done;
I noticed its colors so bright never fled:
Brown, white and raven; her cheeks were of red.
A movable flower, 'tis time thou didst learn,
Would wander with winds soon to return.
So sweet were her features, so tender her voice,
Could I but win her, how I would rejoice!
Have none learnt to love her? the thought came to me,
Doth nobody claim her? Can such a thing be?
I met her one night, she was one of a throng,
I asked where she lived, if the road thence was long.
"Well, 'tis rather long," said she with a smile;
"You may come, if you wish, for it's almost a mile."
I met there her sister—her mother, most fair—
They asked me my name—I told them 'twas Hair.
When thus introduced I soon walked away;
On leaving, they asked me to call the next day;
I called in a fortnight, we together did talk,
And then to the woodland for the first time did walk.
We spoke of our meeting, so queer it did seem.
"You'll part"—something told me as if in a dream.
Thus happy months fled, two hearts beat as one,
Methought I was sure that the victory was won;
But a sad change came by the end of the year,
For sickness had laid its hands on my dear.
'Twas making its progress, surely, though slow.
I knew that ere long my Jennie must go.
She said to me once in a soft, trembling tone,
"'Tis the will of the Lord that I leave thee alone;

I know I must die and soon soar away,
But one thing I ask thee, grant it, I pray:
My grave keep blooming with flowers most rare,
And ever remember a true one lies there.”
A week scarce elapsed, when this message was told,
We all were in mourning, her lips were now cold.
Today in the churchyard she takes her sweet rest;
God called her so young, and why? He knows best!
Could I leave this bleak earth, to her I would fly.
Thy name shall not fade! My darling, good-bye!

FOR I AM ONLY A CHILD TONIGHT.

Could I cast from my shoulders few years that lie there,
And backward to childhood take flight,
You'd hear my voice ring out in the air—
For I'm only a child tonight.

Go bring me the goat that oft I have reined,
My shaggy dog bring to my sight;
Show me the fish that at dawn I seined—
For I'm only a child tonight.

Go bring me the sled I rode when a boy,
My playmates who pushed me with might;
Show me the skates that gave me such joy—
For I'm only a child tonight.

Show me the river near where I have stood,
The bull heads that stung me for spite;
Show me my fish rod; Oh! that you could—
For I'm only a child tonight.

Oh! where is the girl I loved when a child?
The tree where each made a vow?
I told her by me she'd ne'er be beguiled—
I'd love her so different now.

Where are my brothers? Time severed the tie
And narrowed the clear, limpid rill,
From where we oft ran our minnows to fry,
In the little brick cot on the hill.



"I'm only a child tonight"

Oh! show me the fields of clover, so green,
Where I clung to the cord of my kite,
And motioned to Roy to toss it again—
For I'm only a child tonight.

Our neighbors have all in the chariot rode,
My parents have entered in line,
To the silent city to take their abode—
All reaped by the sickle of time.

On the morn I'll forget the message I've told,
Earth's pleasures once more will be bright,
As onward I glide to the tomb drear and cold—
But I'm only a child tonight.

THE SQUIRREL, DAISY AND STREAM.

The Squirrel:

Said a Squirrel to the Daisy: What a sweet smile!
I waited for you a good long while;
I clung to this bough as it swung in the air,
I thought you'd spring up just about there.

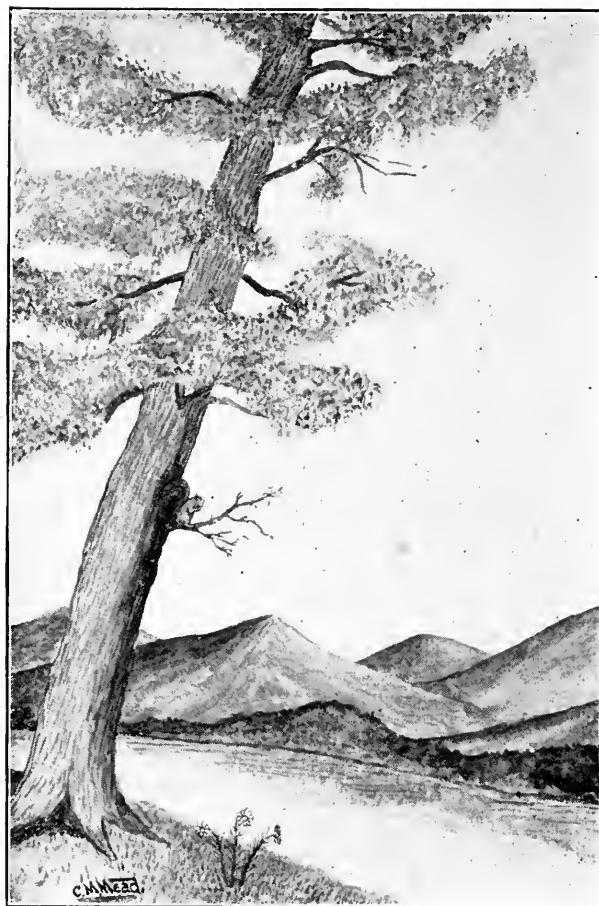
Don't you remember, when I last scaled yon tree,
How you sat trembling, for the welfare of me;
But you are so tender, and don't grow very tall,
Therefore, fair Daisy, you think I may fall.

The last we spoke was one evening quite late,
Little thought I that death was your fate;
The winds blew cold, to and fro I was tossed,
On the morn I found you laid low by the frost.

I mourned day and night, for that terrible sting
Took you, sweet Daisy, to sleep till the spring;
So oft you have seen me at play by your side,
I knew you'd return, else I'd pined and died.

While you were asleep, hunters passed to and fro,
Following the deer by his track in the snow;
I've heard in the woodlands the yelp of the hound,
I hid in my nest, I feared a death wound.

The old stream, sweet Daisy, is running near by,
Oh! that it would halt and make some reply;
It must tell its story to me it doth seem,
I'll hear your reply, and then to the stream.



"The same shall speak man when called from the grave"

The Daisy:

The last I remember, my stem was so cold,
My leaves they trembled and began there to fold;
When the world grew dark, I knew death was nigh,
I cried out, "Come, quickly!" but you were too high.

I suppose while I slept you've seen many sights,
Like the doe chased by hunters, over these heights;
I'll wager you mocked men, who lay on yon knoll
While taking good aim at you in your hole.

All nature is beauty; as in days gone by,
The sweet moss doth grow, the pretty birds fly;
The world is brightening, the clouds smile on me,—
Has the stream changed its course from bay to the sea?

Oh! had I but been here, a long time ago,
Perhaps I'd have seen melting mountains of snow;
I was ready to kiss the sun and the sky,
Lo! a hunter trod on me, I thought I would die.

Perhaps many men for a season have wept,
Others drank joy and death while I slept;
It seems but a twinkling I rode on death's wave,—
The same shall speak man, when called from the grave.

My voice has grown weak, dear friend, I must rest,
For the sun has sank low, afar in the West;
The curtain he draws will banish all light,
I'll list to the stream, then close for the night.

The Stream:

I'll tell thee my story, since 'tis thy request:
I am so weary of drear winter's rest;
The bright sun now setting has broken my chain.
Its links have been severed by showers of rain.

The fishes, once lazy, are busy at play,
And slowly are making their course towards the bay;
'Twas I that lulled them when weary with chill,
But now they can play with the wheel at the mill.

I often have sighed, for the twigs on my bank
Leaned over the brink and from me they drank,
Thinking I'd warn them before 'twas too late,
But winter came quickly and death was their fate.

I was not so lonely, sweet Daisy, as thee,
While I lay asleep, many boys trod on me;
And the sweetest of women, like poet's pride,
Would come late and early and merrily slide.

Sweet Daisy, you spoke as though I were free;
Why ask, "have I changed my course to the sea?"
When dross, so impure, was all that could run,
Till I was unbound by the glorious sun.

Professor at climbing, I bid thee, adieu!
And Daisy, no blossom is sweeter than you!
I'd be so happy could I next winter shun,—
The old mill is quiet, so I must glide on.

A WEARY BELL'S APPEAL.

Another Sabbath finds me swinging
Like the hammock to and fro,
Again the rope is pulled with vigor
By the sexton down below.

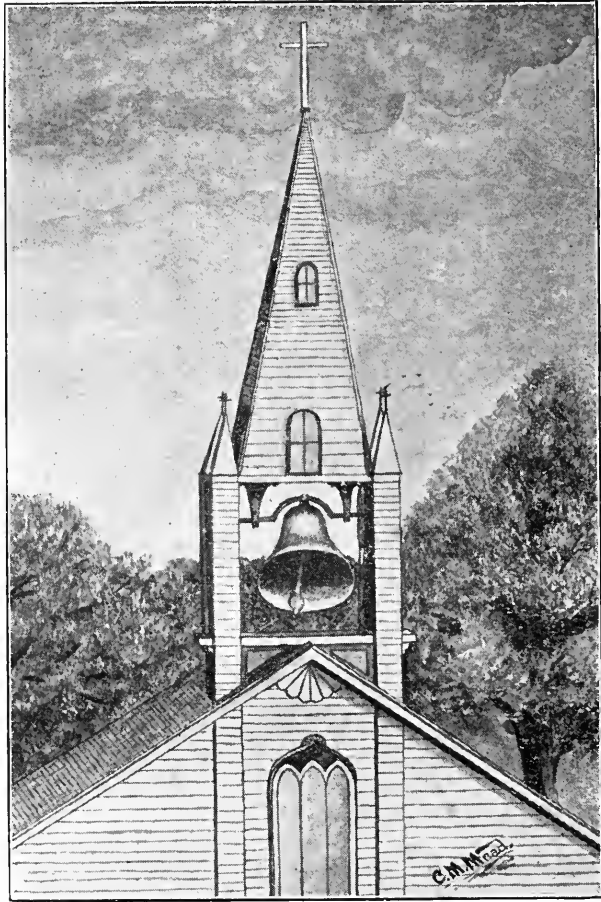
Like rolling waves my sound doth tremble
Over hill and over glen;
I make no choice, all are welcome,
Women proud and treacherous men.

I've hung long in this lone belfry,
To and fro I swing and toss;
While once I shone like gold in beauty,
Now I'm covered o'er with moss.

Another generation listens;
All who lived when I was cast
Slumber in the churchyard yonder;
I have tolled their knell at last.

When one is taken from their number
And his soul forever fled,
'Tis then that I ring out in sorrow,
That all may know that one is dead.

'Tis many years since I was moulded;
At every sunset I've been swung;
I fain would stop, for I am weary
Of telling all the day is done.

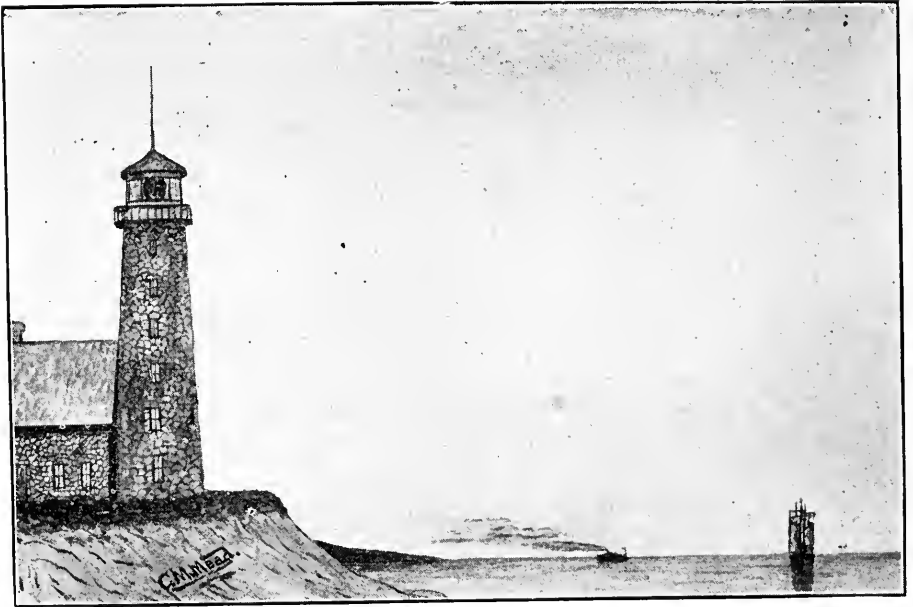


"I fain would stop, for I am weary"

Oh! will they ever cast another,
And take me gently down to rest?
Might not another voice warn them,
Even though mine echoes best?

Watchmen oft have fire discovered,
When the stormy winds did blow;
'Twas then my knell proclaimed the danger,
From my pivot to and fro.

Oh! take me down and swing another
May it sound a sweeter chime;
When I'm motionless down yonder,
Disturb me not till the end of time.

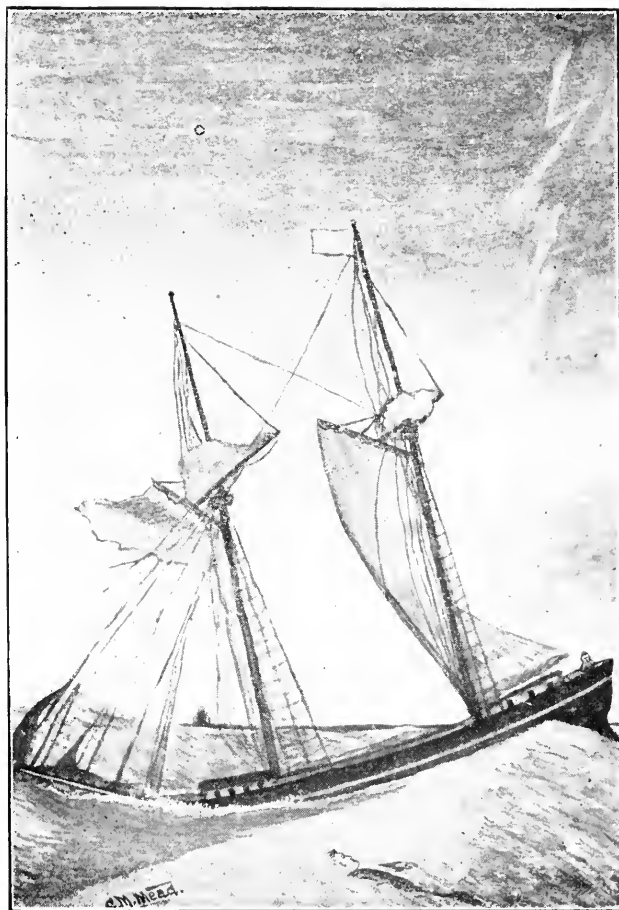


"I lull my dead, the winds are still"

LAKE ERIE IN CALM AND IN STORM.

In Calm:

I lie in calm, though against my will,
I lull my dead, the winds are still;
 A gentle wave, o'er my bosom creeps,
 In fact my body soundly sleeps.
The boats, they gently glide along;
Hark to the jolly sailors' song!
 O'er my waters, loud and clear,
 The chorus rings, "We need not fear."
But ah! this promise is not loyal,
Though I gently wash the soil;
 On land they say of me tonight,
 "Behold the lake in beauty bright!"
They think I'll ever thus remain,
And lie here quiet as a plain;
 They see me smile—they'll see me scowl,
Ha! Ha! the winds begin to howl!



"No longer will I lull my dead"

In Storm:

No longer will I lull my dead,
I throw them from their peaceful bed;
 I foam! I shriek! so all can hear;
 And those who sang now pray in fear.
I steered their boat where others lie,
In spite of signals shooting high;
 I'll sink them now, while they are caged,
 The winds are here, and I'm enraged!
I've sent a wave to yonder shore,
The danger light shines there no more;
 Their crew rests in a watery grave,
 Their boat I've rent by a mighty wave.
Ha! Ha! another's made a sieve
And her life boats cannot live;
 Men and women shriek in vain!
 My work is done, I'll sleep again.

THE OLD DRUM AND I.

When our country feared trouble, and called for brave men,
And, "we'll take a boy," I read, "now and then,"
My heart leaped with joy, though young, it was true,
I yearned for a suit of Uncle Sam's blue.

I approached my dear mother—at rest 'neath the trees—
And asked for my drum, that I might swarm bees;
Said I, "I'll return with team by and by,"
Then off to the war went the old drum and I.

In Detroit we landed, eight-thirty that night.
When the flag met my gaze—the red, blue and white—
I told the old Captain, three years we would try
To protect that dear banner—the old drum and I.

He made me take oath my superiors obey—
The drum said 'twould sound anything I would play;
We marked time that night, like the clouds in the sky.
Oh! we were so happy, the old drum and I.

On the morn came the blast of the horn on the air;
We were recruits, but the first to be there;
We knew not the tune, yet there on the sly
We got in a roll, the old drum and I.

When pay day came round, regardless of fear,
One filled up on wind, the other on beer;
The sentry with gun soon made us fly
To the dingy old guard house, the old drum and I.

And here as I lived on water and bread,
I oft took my drum and pound its old head;
The guards on their posts did hear his loud cry,
Still ne'er did they part us, the old drum and I.

For thirty-three times we tasted the breath
Of the dingy old cell, more solemn than death.
The old floor would creak, the hinges would sigh,
As they closed in upon us, the old drum and I.

Relief came at last, our freedom had come.
Oh! how we rejoiced, my self and the drum;
We marched to our comrades, and bade them good-by,
And came back to mother, the old drum and I.

Farewell! to the guard house; farewell! dismal cell;
Farewell! to the army, the straight road to hell;
Your mode of starvation me years did defy.
No more will we serve thee, the old drum and I.

The poet at one time gave a poetic recital at Byron, Mich., which he shamefully is forced to admit, lies near his birthplace. None of his old associates could understand his mission, consequently the audience was very small. The editor of the Byron Herald, who is yet unable to tell a pump from an elevator, wrote Hair up in his one-sheet paper, after borrowing type from a friend, and here is the poet's reply:

To "James Sleeth, Editor of Byron Herald, Byron, Mich." In reply to yours of recent date, would say:

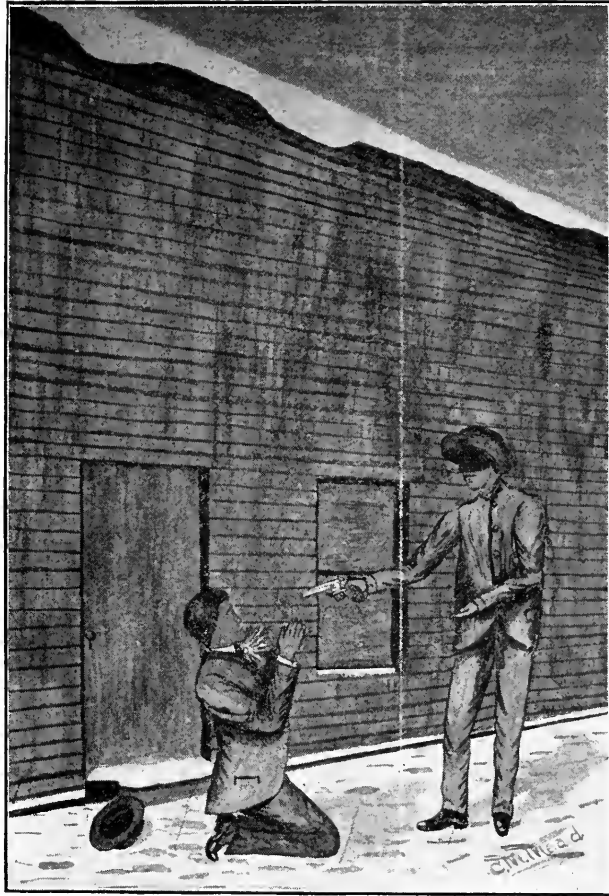
The paper you edit
To you is no credit;
I've read it again and again, sir;
Your writings are soft,
Afar in your loft
There's a great lacking of brains, sir.

Your wit is outrageous;
That your breath's not contagious
Has caused me to smile and to laugh, sir;
Were I you, I'd not fear
To probe out my ear
And inject the brain of a calf, sir.

I'd shave off my "tash,"
Eat a little more hash,
I'd fill out those hand-me-down pants, sir;
That you live by your pen,
And charitable men,
One can readily tell at a glance, sir.

You borrowed the letters
To write up your betters,
Your light it is darkness and fog, sir;
Your press is so queer,
I looked for its gear
And could find neither wheel or a cog, sir.

So now, Mr. Sleeth,
You can show your black teeth,
With me it will ever be well, sir;
For I fear not a pen
Backed by brains of a hen,—
Don't look for me when you're in hell, sir.



"I haven't either one"

WHY I DON'T WEAR DIAMONDS.

I landed in Chicago one dark and stormy night;
The lake was foaming in its rage, the ground with snow
was white.

I wore my brother's trousers—he loaned them for a while—
For Chicago I was bound to enter right in style.

I first saw many diamonds which glistened far away,
Said I "I'll have a shiner before the close of day."
In a window round the corner I found a stock in store,
They showed one for a hundred and some that cost much
more.

They explained their points of beauty; their prices were
not rash,
And yet I could not purchase, for I was short of cash;
But then, there lay a rhinestone which my eyes chanced to
meet,
I gave a quarter for it and started down the street.

I walked few yards before me two brigands, holding reins,
Cried "Whoa!" with gun upon me, "your diamonds or your
brains!"
My hands rose quick above me, "your will it shall be done,
But you'll be mighty sorry, for I haven't either one."

I said my prayers a moment, then all things were forgot,
For they touched me with a sand-bag and fell me on the
spot;
Not satisfied with this they my head began to beat,
I woke up on the morrow, in a court off old State street.

But, oh! my head was heavy and sore were all my bones,
And though my bed was downy, methought I lay on stones;
My rhinestone now was missing and I was sick and sore—
You all can wear your sparklers, but I will wear no more.



“ ‘Twas here I kissed another”

THERE IS MY HEART TONIGHT.

Where the flat-rock waters gurgle,
Where the yellow paw-paws grow,
Where the possum climbs the gum-tree,
Where the buzzards nest and crow;
Where the plover hides in meadows,
Where the wild hare takes his flight,
Where I first met my Jennie—
There is my heart tonight.

Where the red birds sweetly whisper,
Where grows the mistletoe,
Where prairie-dogs are barking,
Where the morning-dove doth coo;
Where flowers bloom in winter,
Where frost ne'er turns them white,
Where honey-bees work ever—
There is my heart tonight.

Where the cactus scents the breezes,
Where frost is seldom known,
Where the nightingale doth warble,
Where the lasso oft is thrown;
Where the eagle screams at mid-day,
Where panthers meet and fight,
Where rattlers hiss in darkness—
There is my heart tonight.

Where berries blush in woodlands,
Where streams run ever free,
Where first we ate our dinner,
Beneath an old oak tree—
'Twas here I kissed another
In rapture and delight,
Where first she did upbraid me—
There is my heart tonight.

Where the old white house is yearning,
Where trees bow at the door,
Where their shade still marks the heather,
Where neither come no more;
Where winds sing mournful ditties
O'er her tomb by day and night,
Where she must slumber ever—
There is my heart tonight.

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